

52

FULL PAGES
OF ALL-TRUE
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CASES!

ALL-TRUE

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CRIME

TRUE CASES *PROVING* CRIME CAN'T WIN!

THE STARTLING TRUE FACTS
BEHIND 1930'S BRUTAL
MAN-HUNT
IN
HELL'S KITCHEN!

THE ALL-TRUE CRIME CHRONICLE
OF **DOC CHANNING PAULSON**
WHO COMMITTED A MURDER AND
COULDN'T STOP RUNNING UNTIL
JUSTICE HALTED HIM!

ALSO IN THIS
ISSUE...

MAN
WITHOUT
A FACE!

THE
CRATES
OF
MURDER!

HIDEOUT!

ONCE I GET
AROUND THAT NEXT
CORNER THEY'LL
NEVER BE ABLE
TO FIND ME!

HE'S DEAD!
STOP THAT
GUY!

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**HERE IS CHEVROLET
TUNE-UP CHART**

Year	Model	Weekly Price (Dollars)	Standard Cost (Dollars)	Cost Savings (Savings)
1975	1.0	220	220	0
1976	1.0	220	220	0
1977	1.0	220	220	0
1978	1.0	220	220	0
1979	1.0	220	220	0
1980	1.0	220	220	0
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OPERATION OF
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HOW TO ADJUST FORD CLUTCHES

FORD & MERCURY

Fig. 20 Schematic diagram of a rocket engine

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SAM CROONEZ, Califor-
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THE F.B.I. PASSED THE WORD AROUND ABOUT DOMINICK "LUCKY" CAVELLI...

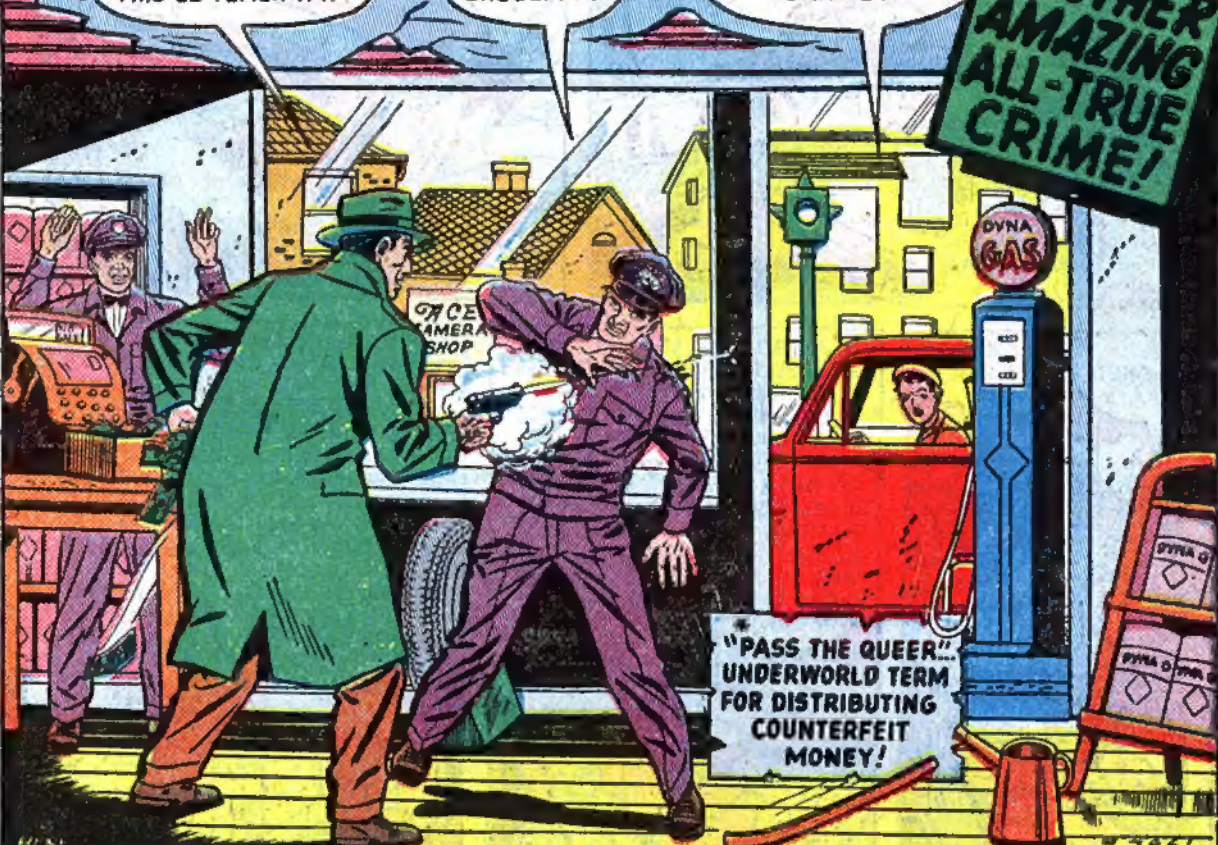
HE PASSED THE QUEER

I TOLD YA NOT
TA MOVE... MEBBE
THIS'LL TEACH YA!

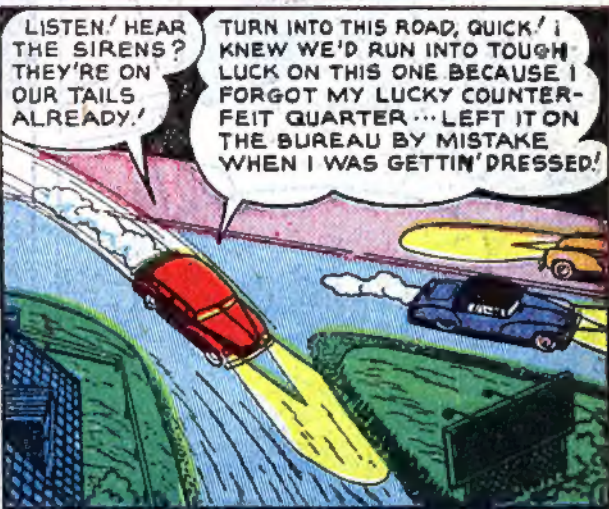
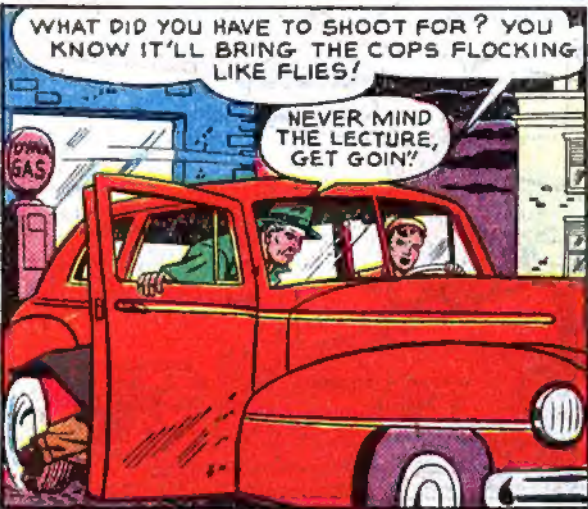
OHhh,
MY
SHOULDER!

HURRY UP, LUCKY!
THAT SHOT'LL BRING
VISITORS!

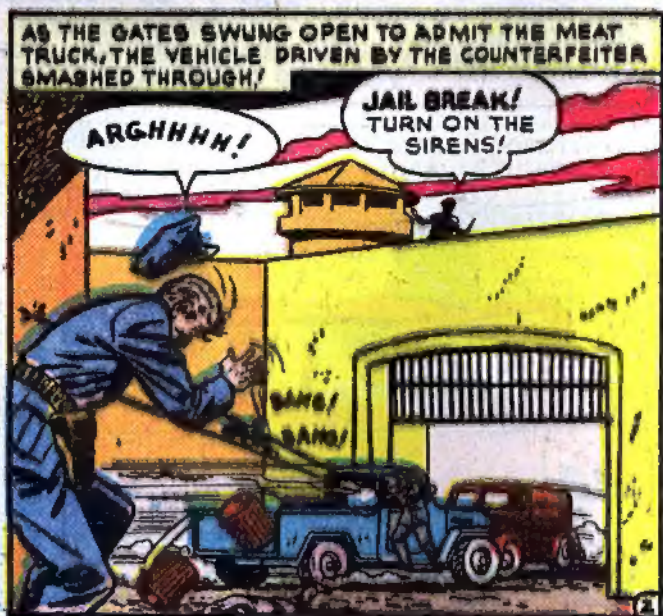
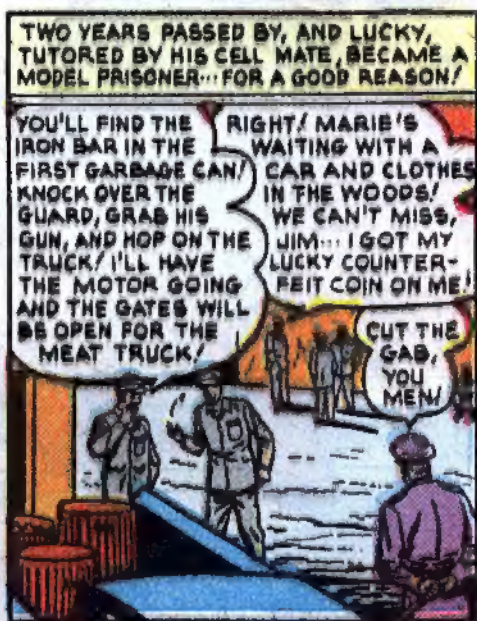
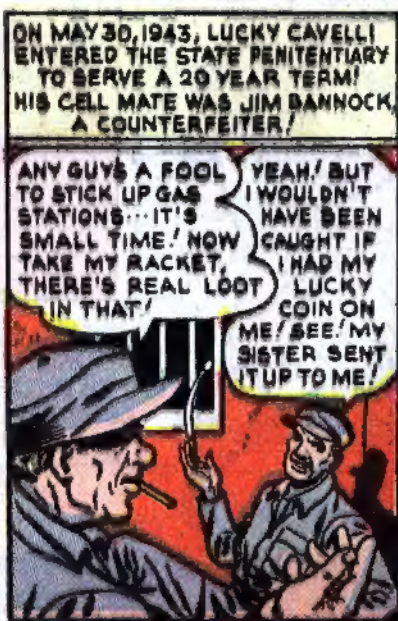
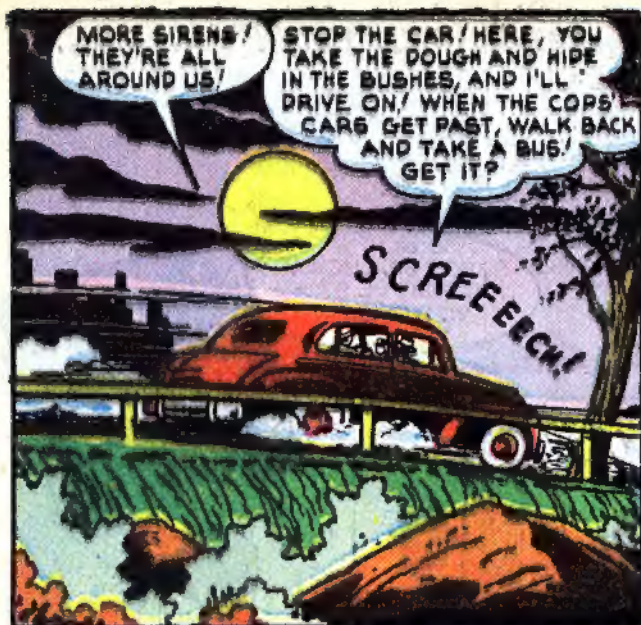
ANOTHER
AMAZING
ALL-TRUE
CRIME!



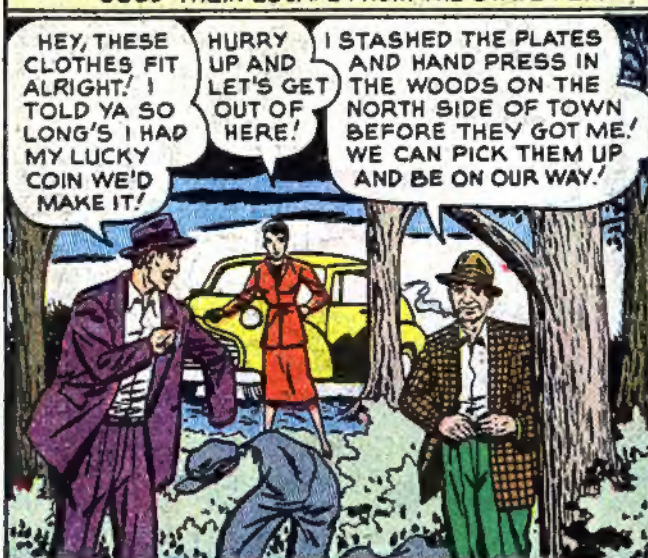
THIS IS DOMINICK "LUCKY" CAVELLI, A SMALL TIME PUNK WITH AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER! THE GIRL IS HIS SISTER, MARIE! YOU'LL FIND THEIR PICTURES IN THE NEW YORK POLICE DEPARTMENT'S ROGUES GALLERY, AND STAPLED TO THE BACK OF THE PICTURES YOU'LL FIND A LIFE HISTORY OF THESE TWO THAT WILL REFER YOU TO THE F.B.I.! THE HISTORY BEGINS IN DETROIT, IN 1943, WITH THE SCENE YOU SEE ABOVE, AND CONTINUES AS LUCKY RAN FROM THE GAS STATION TOWARD THE CAR HIS SISTER DROVE...



ALL NAMES AND PLACES IN THESE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORIES ARE FICTITIOUS
ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN ACTUAL PERSONS OR PLACES AND THOSE USED IN THESE STORIES IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL



...SO, ON SEPT. 3, 1945, CAVELLI AND BANNOCK MADE GOOD THEIR ESCAPE FROM THE STATE PEN.



HEY, THESE CLOTHES FIT ALRIGHT! I TOLD YA SO LONG'S I HAD MY LUCKY COIN WE'D MAKE IT!

HURRY UP AND LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!

I STASHED THE PLATES AND HAND PRESS IN THE WOODS ON THE NORTH SIDE OF TOWN BEFORE THEY GOT ME! WE CAN PICK THEM UP AND BE ON OUR WAY!

SEVERAL DAYS LATER, THE TRIO HAD CROSSED THE MASSACHUSETTS LINE INTO CONNECTICUT!

SOON'S WE GET SETTLED I'LL PRINT UP SOME TENS! I KNOW A GUY IN NEW YORK WHO'LL TAKE THEM AND PAY A FAIR PRICE FOR THEM!

NAW, THAT'S NO WAY TO DO IT... THEM GUYS THAT BUY THE QUEER WANT ALL THE PROFIT! NOW I'VE BEEN THINK-IN' AN' I GOT A SWELL CAPER LINED UP TO PUSH THE QUEER WHERE WE'LL GET ALL THE PROFIT!



LISTEN, MARIE, DRIVE TOWARD HARTFORD, THERE'S SOME GOOD SIZED DEPARTMENT STORES THERE AND THAT'S WHAT WE NEED FOR THIS CAPER... DEPARTMENT STORES AND A STACK OF JIM'S TENS! BROTHER, THIS IS GONNA BE A REAL HIGH CLASS RACKET!

SOUNDS AS THOUGH YOU'VE BEEN DOING SOME TALL FIGURING!



IN HARTFORD, THEY FOUND A HIDE-OUT IN A CHEAP BUNGALOW, AND HERE BANNOCK SET UP HIS PRESS AND WENT TO WORK

HEY, THEY LOOK PERFECT! JIM, DO YA THINK YA COULD DUPLICATE ONE OF THESE BADGES?

A TREASURY DEPARTMENT BADGE, HUH? YEAH, I CAN MAKE ONE THAT LOOKS JUST LIKE THE PICTURES!



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, LUCKY'S PLAN WAS PUT INTO ACTION!

I'LL TAKE A PAIR OF THESE! TAKE IT OUT OF THIS TEN!

YES, MA'AM!



LATER THAT DAY, LUCKY APPEARED AT THE SAME DEPARTMENT STORE WHERE MARIE HAD PASSED THE PHONEY BILL! IT WAS JUST BEFORE CLOSING TIME!

I'M FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT, MISS! I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MANAGER, RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S HIS OFFICE THERE... GO RIGHT IN, MISTER, ER... I'LL TELL MR. MILES YOU'RE ON YOUR WAY!



MR. MILES, I'M FROM THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT! WE HAVE REASON TO BELIEVE THAT A GANG OF COUNTERFEITERS ARE OPERATING IN HARTFORD! THEY PREY ON SUCH STORES AS YOURS, SO I WOULD LIKE TO CHECK YOUR DAYS CASH RECEIPTS FOR COUNTERFEIT BILLS... PARTICULARLY TENS!

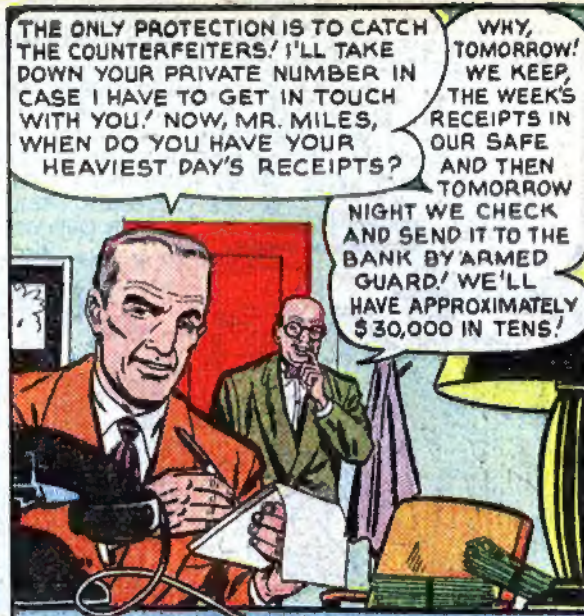
CERTAINLY, SIR! WE ARE ALWAYS HAPPY TO COOPERATE WITH THE FORCES OF LAW AND ORDER!





YES, HERE'S ONE! YOU'RE LUCKY, MR. MILES... ONLY ONE COUNTERFEIT IN THE DAYS RECEIPTS!

GOODNESS GRACIOUS, HOW ARE WE TO PROTECT OURSELVES FROM THESE PEOPLE?



THE ONLY PROTECTION IS TO CATCH THE COUNTERFEITERS! I'LL TAKE DOWN YOUR PRIVATE NUMBER IN CASE I HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU! NOW, MR. MILES, WHEN DO YOU HAVE YOUR HEAVIEST DAY'S RECEIPTS?

WHY, TOMORROW! WE KEEP THE WEEK'S RECEIPTS IN OUR SAFE AND THEN TOMORROW NIGHT WE CHECK AND SEND IT TO THE BANK BY ARMED GUARD! WE'LL HAVE APPROXIMATELY \$30,000 IN TENS!



GOOD! I'LL BE BACK TOMORROW TO CHECK AGAIN! WE'LL PROBABLY FIND MORE OF THESE BILLS AND WITH MORE WE CAN GET A LINE ON THE CROOKS WHO ARE PASSING THEM! JUST SIT TIGHT, MR. MILES!

I WILL... I CERTAINLY WILL! AND THANK YOU, SIR... THANK YOU!



BACK IN THE BUNGALOW, LUCKY PREPARED FOR THE COMPLETION OF HIS CLEVER SCHEME!

HE WENT FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER! EVEN THANKED ME! HERE'S THE PRIVATE PHONE NUMBER, MARIE! REMEMBER, AT EXACTLY 5:30, YOU CALL AND MAKE LIKE A COMPLAINING CUSTOMER, WHILE I PULL THE SWITCHEROO!

GOT IT!

THERE IT IS... \$30,000 WORTH OF PHONEY TENS!



AT FIVE TWENTY-FIVE THE NEXT DAY, LUCKY WAS IN MILES' OFFICE CHECKING THE HEAP OF TEN DOLLAR BILLS...

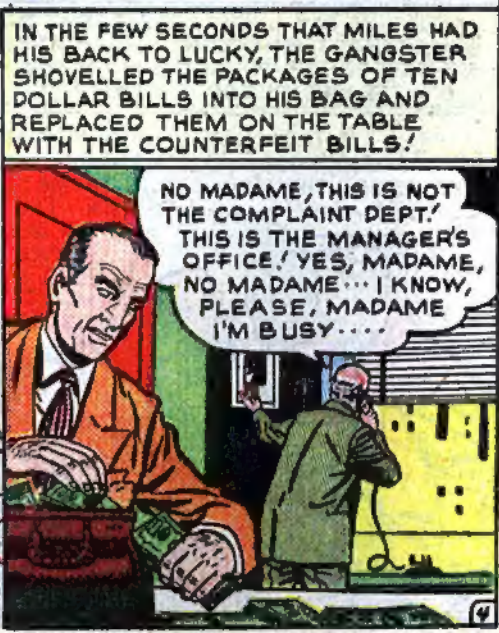
I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN TELL BY GOING THROUGH THEM SO FAST!

IT'S MY BUSINESS! I CAN SPOT A BAD ONE IN A MINUTE!



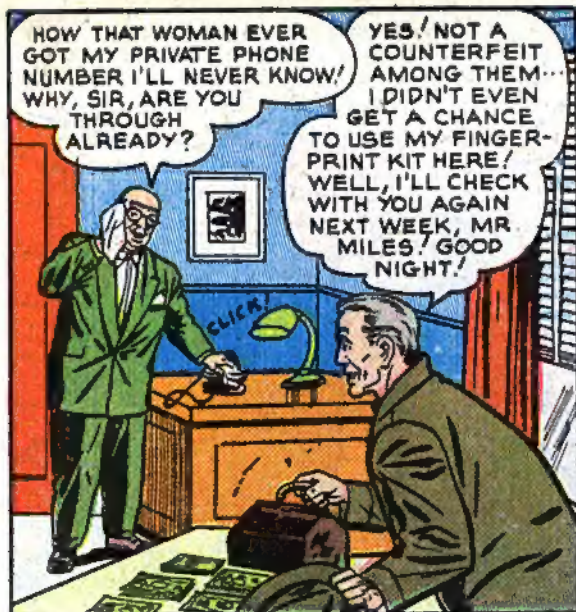
EXCUSE ME... THE TELEPHONE! MUST BE MY WIFE!

GO RIGHT AHEAD!



IN THE FEW SECONDS THAT MILES HAD HIS BACK TO LUCKY, THE GANGSTER SHOVELLED THE PACKAGES OF TEN DOLLAR BILLS INTO HIS BAG AND REPLACED THEM ON THE TABLE WITH THE COUNTERFEIT BILLS!

NO MADAME, THIS IS NOT THE COMPLAINT DEPT. THIS IS THE MANAGER'S OFFICE! YES, MADAME, NO MADAME... I KNOW, PLEASE, MADAME I'M BUSY...



HOW THAT WOMAN EVER GOT MY PRIVATE PHONE NUMBER I'LL NEVER KNOW! WHY, SIR, ARE YOU THROUGH ALREADY?

YES! NOT A COUNTERFEIT AMONG THEM... I DIDN'T EVEN GET A CHANCE TO USE MY FINGER-PRINT KIT HERE! WELL, I'LL CHECK WITH YOU AGAIN NEXT WEEK, MR. MILES! GOOD NIGHT!



O.K., LET'S GO! IT WENT LIKE CLOCKWORK!

EVERYTHING'S ALL PACKED IN BACK, LUCKY, I GOT TO HAND IT TO YOU... THIS IS A SWEET RACKET!

HERE WE GO... OFF TO GREENWICH!



I'LL TAKE TWO PAIR, HERE'S A TEN!

YES, MA'AM!



BUT AS SOON AS MARIE HAD LEFT!

I THINK THIS IS ONE OF THE BILLS YOU TOLD US TO WATCH FOR, MR. STACY! IT WAS PASSED BY A GOOD-LOOKING GIRL, WELL DRESSED!

THANK YOU, MISS TILLSON! I'LL CONTACT THE TREASURY DEPT. IMMEDIATELY!



THIS IS MR. STACY... YES, SHE DID! ABOUT HALF AN HOUR AGO! WHAT ARE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS? YES, I KNOW WHAT TO EXPECT! I'LL GIVE THE BILL TO YOUR AGENT WHEN HE GETS HERE! FINE!



LATER THAT DAY...

WHAT'S THE MATTER? YOU SEEM DISAPPOINTED THAT YOU DIDN'T FIND ANY COUNTERFEIT BILLS!

I AM! I EXPECTED TO... WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER, MR. STACY! I'LL BE BACK AT THE END OF THE WEEK TO CHECK AGAIN! MEANWHILE, I'LL TAKE YOUR PRIVATE PHONE NUMBER IN CASE I HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH YOU!



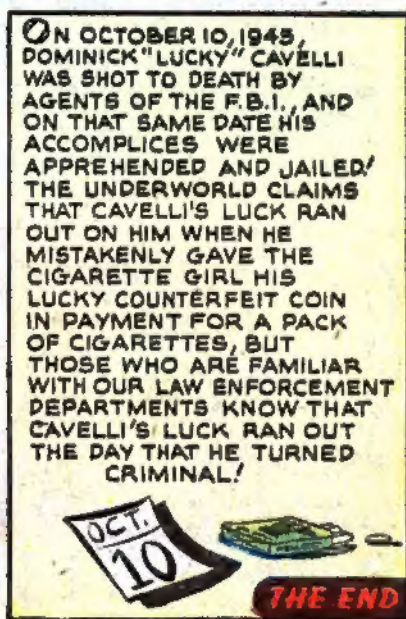
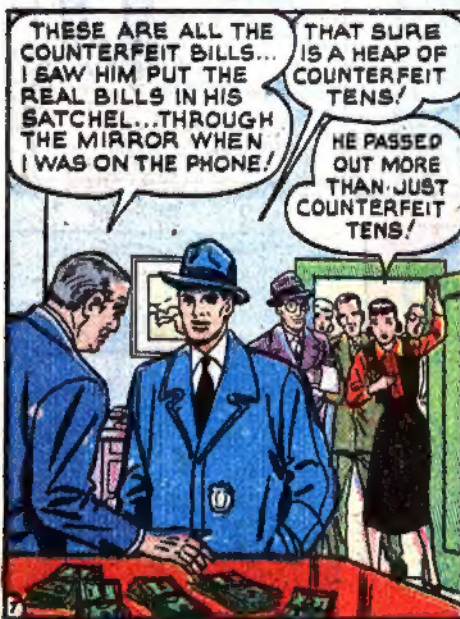
BY THE TIME LUCKY REACHED THE GANG'S HIDE-OUT HE WAS IN A TOWERING RAGE!

YA LITTLE DUMBBELL, YA MUSTA GIVEN THEM A GOOD BILL! I OUGHTTA...

OUCH! I DIDN'T... IT WAS A PHONEY I TELL YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, LUCKY!





TIME: 1924
PLACE: CHICAGO

EARL CARDOZA

THE MAN WITH NO FACE!

AN
ALL-TRUE
CRIME STORY



CHICAGO
AUGUST 23, 1924
TIME: 9:30 P.M.



CHICAGO
AUGUST 23, 1924
TIME: 10 P.M.



EARL CARDOZA LIVED IN TWO WORLDS... A WORLD OF LAW, ETHICS AND ORDER WHICH HE YEARNED TO DESTROY, AND A WORLD OF VIOLENCE AND TERROR WHICH HE HIMSELF RULED! IN ONE WORLD HE WAS THE QUARRY, PURSUED BY DAY AND BY NIGHT! IN THE OTHER WORLD HE WAS THE HUNTER WHO RELENTLESSLY SOUGHT HIS ENEMIES AND DESTROYED THEM WITHOUT FEELING OR EMOTION! BUT SOMETHING WAS WRONG WITH THIS CRAZY PATTERN! A MAN CAN SHOW ONLY ONE FACE TO THE WORLD... **AND EARL CARDOZA HAD NONE!**

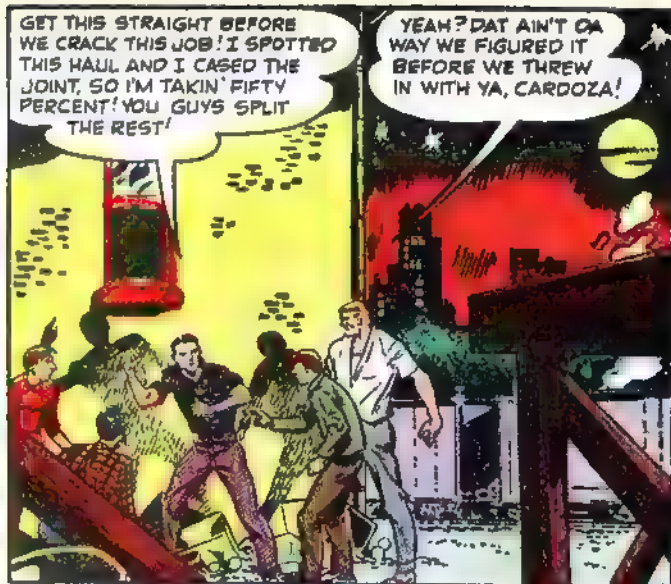


CHICAGO
AUGUST 23, 1924
TIME: 11:15 P.M.



IT ALL STARTED AT THE RAILROAD YARD OF CHICAGO'S MIGHTY TERMINAL ON NOVEMBER 12 TH, 1919... THESE SIX MEN HAD A "FOOL-PROOF PLAN" FOR STEALING A HALF MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF FURS FROM THE TERMINAL WAREHOUSE! LET'S FOLLOW THEM AS THEY APPROACH THE WAREHOUSE...





GET THIS STRAIGHT BEFORE WE CRACK THIS JOB! I SPOTTED THIS HAUL AND I CAGED THE JOINT, SO I'M TAKIN' FIFTY PERCENT! YOU GUYS SPLIT THE REST!

YEAH? DAT AIN'T ON WAY WE FIGURED IT BEFORE WE THREW IN WITH YA, CARDOZA!



THAT'S THE SPLIT! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT! ME AN' SPOOK CAN HANDLE IT OURSELVES IF YOU GUYS START GETTIN' GREEDY, WEINZ!

OKAY, EARL, OKAY! LET'S BUST IN AN' START WORKIN'!



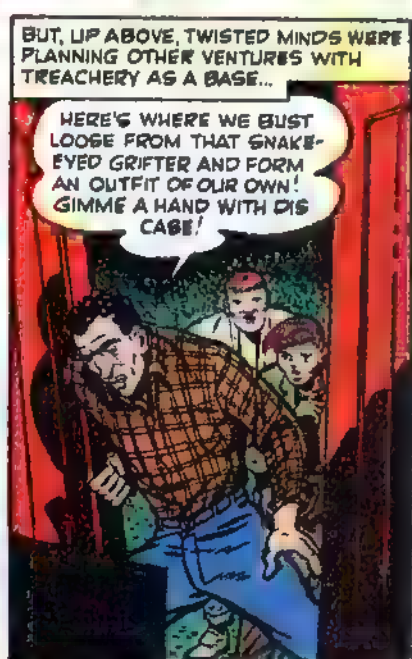
LET'S WORK FAST! ME AN' SPOOK WILL START CRACKIN' THE CASES ON THE BOTTOM! YOU GUYS CLIMB ON TOP AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN FIND UP THERE!

QUIT, JAWIN' AN' LET'S GET STARTED! I GET THE CREEPS IN DIS JOINT!



THERE MUST BE HALF A MILLION BUCKS WORTH OF FURS IN THESE CASES! YOU'RE THE ONLY GUY I TRUST, SPOOK! YOU AN' ME ARE GOING PLACES!

YEAH, YEAH! I DON'T WANT NO SPLIT, EARL! I JUST WANNA HANG AROUND AN' HELP YOU! I AIN'T GOT NO-BODY ELSE IN THIS CRUMBY WORLD!



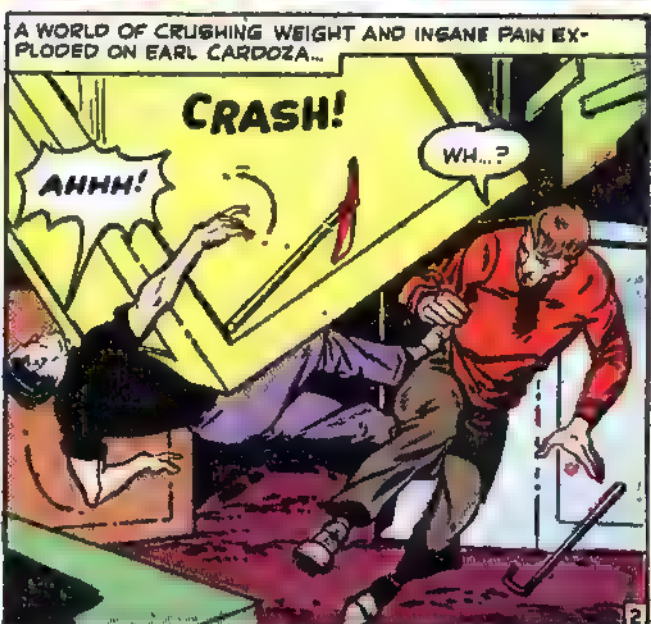
BUT, UP ABOVE, TWISTED MINDS WERE PLANNING OTHER VENTURES WITH TREACHERY AS A BASE...

HERE'S WHERE WE BUST LOOSE FROM THAT SNAKE-EYED GRIFTER AND FORM AN OUTFIT OF OUR OWN! GIMME A HAND WITH DIS CASE!



EASY, EASY! DIS CASE WEIGHS A TON!

SAY WHEN, LIPS!

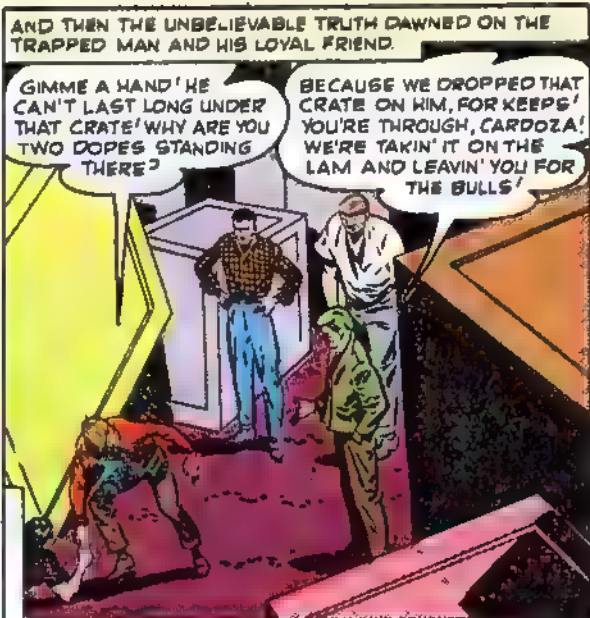


A WORLD OF CRUSHING WEIGHT AND INSANE PAIN EXPLODED ON EARL CARDOZA...

CRASH!

AHHH!

WH...?



THE YEARS DRAGGED BY AND FORMED A HARD CORE OF GRIMING HATE IN EARL CARDOZA'S GUTS, UNTIL ON JUNE 8TH 1924...

MAKE OUT LIKE NOTHING'S HAPPENING, CARDOZA! YOUR PAL, SPOOK, WANTS TO SEE YOU! HE'S WAITIN' FOR YOU NEAR THE LAUNDRY WINDOW!

OKAY, BAILEY! TIP ME OFF IF THE SCREWS GET NOSEY!



SQUAT DOWN AND ACT NATURAL, EARL! I GOTTA TALK TO YOU!

YEAH! I HEARD THE GOOD NEWS, SPOOK! THEY'RE SPRINGIN' YOU TOMORROW MORNING! YOU'LL BE A FREE GUY!



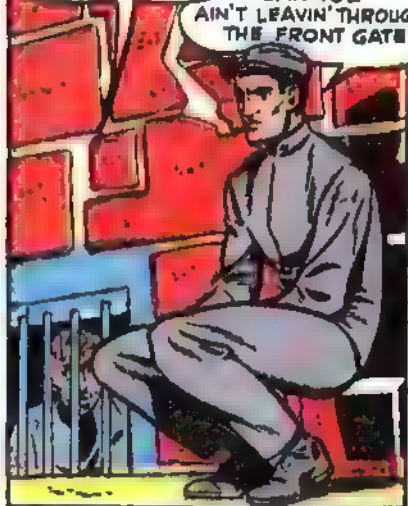
THAT'S JUST IT, EARL! I AIN'T LEAVIN' THROUGH THE FRONT GATE! I GOT A BETTER IDEA!

YOU GONE STIR CRAZY, SPOOK? WHADDAYA MEAN YOU AIN'T LEAVIN' THROUGH THE FRONT GATE?

I DON'T WANNA LEAVE THIS DUMP WITHOUT YOU! I'M TELLIN' YA, EARL, I GET SICK WHEN I THINK OF GETTIN' SPRUNG AND BEIN' ALONE!

LISTEN, YOU DUMB YOKEL! TOMORROW MORNING YOU GET A SUIT OF CLOTHES AND A FEW BUCKS AND START WALKING! I GOT THREE MORE YEARS TO DO! DON'T WORRY, I'LL BE OUT SOME DAY!

CHICKY RAYMOND'S GOT A NEAT BREAK PLANNED! SIX OF US ARE GOIN' THROUGH THE MAIN SEWER! THE BOYS GOT A TUNNEL DUG TO IT RIGHT THROUGH FROM THE LAUNDRY! YOU AND ME ARE BEING CUT IN! WE START TONIGHT!



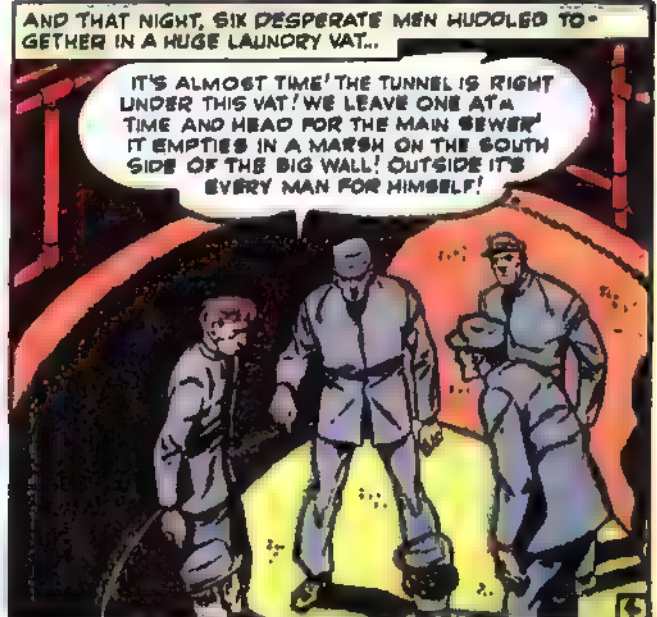
YOU'VE GONE NUTS, SPOOK! TOMORROW MORNING YOU WALK OUT CLEAN, YOU HEAR? IF YOU PULL A BREAK, I'LL BEAT YOUR HOLLOW HEAD IN!

I GOTTA GO NOW, EARL! I'M GOING OUT WITH YOU TONIGHT! SLIDE INTO THE LAUNDRY AFTER CHOW! BILL KANE IS GONNA TAKE YOUR PLACE DURING THE COUNT!



AND THAT NIGHT, SIX DESPERATE MEN HUDDLED TOGETHER IN A HUGE LAUNDRY VAT...

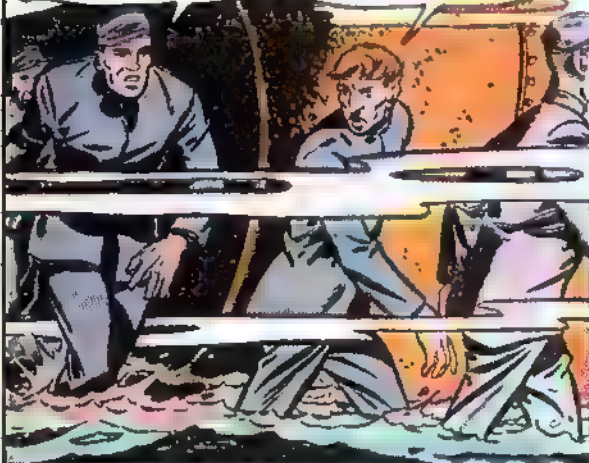
IT'S ALMOST TIME! THE TUNNEL IS RIGHT UNDER THIS VAT! WE LEAVE ONE AT A TIME AND HEAD FOR THE MAIN SEWER! IT EMPTIES IN A MARSH ON THE SOUTH SIDE OF THE BIG WALL! OUTSIDE IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!



SINGLE FILE THEY WADED THROUGH THE NAUSEATING RIVER OF MUCK AND FILTH WHICH FLOWED SLOWLY THROUGH THE VAST SEWER.

WE ALMOST THERE!
I'M READY TO BUST!

BREATHE THROUGH YOUR
MOUTH, EARL! WE AIN'T
GOT FAR TO GO, NOW!



FREEDOM WAS NEAR, BUT FATE AND AN ALERT GUARD INTERFERED.

SOME DAY I'M GONNA
SET SOME MUSKRAT TRAPS
DOWN THERE IN THE MARSH!
LISTEN TO 'EM SPLASHING
AROUND! MUST BE A
THOUSAND OF 'EM!

I NEVER SAW A
MUSKRAT! SWING
THAT EMERGENCY
LIGHT AROUND, DAVE!
MAYBE WE CAN SPOT
A COUPLE!



THE LIGHT SWUNG AROUND, SHEERING THE BLACKLESS AWAY LIKE BARK PEELING FROM THE NAKED BOLE OF A TREE

WE'RE SPOTTED! BREAK
UP BEFORE THE LEAD
STARTS WHISTLING!

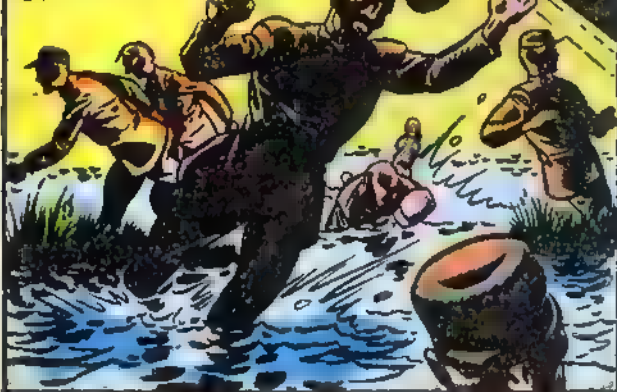
DON'T LEAVE ME, EARL!
STAY WITH ME!



STICK CLOSE, SPOOK!
THEY CAN'T SPOT ALL
OF US WITH ONE LIGHT!

ZZZZING!
WHREEEE!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!
SPWAAANNG!



THE NIGHT WAS RIPPED ASUNDER BY SCREAMING BULLETS AND GLARING LIGHTS BUT EARL CARDOZA AND SPOOK LENOX FOUND FREEDOM...

W...WE MADE
IT, EARL!

YEAH, WE MADE THE
PERMANENT ROGUES
GALLERY! MAKE UP YOUR MIND
TO ONE THING, SPOOK! FROM
NOW ON WE'RE GONNA BE
HUNTED DOWN LIKE THEY HUNT
MAD DOGS! THEY'LL HUNT...
AND WE'LL RUN!



THEY LIVED IN A SHADOW WORLD OF FEAR FOR THE NEXT FEW WEEKS. NEITHER SLEEPING NOR RESTING! BY DAY AND BY NIGHT, THE WORLD OF LAW AND ORDER FORCED EARL CARDOZA INTO A GLASS BOWL THROUGH WHICH STARED EYES OF SUSPICION, EVER SEERING, EVER HUNTING...



HOW'S IT GOIN', SPOOK? ANYTHING IN THE HEADLINES?



YEAH YEAH! IT LOOKS TOUGH, EARL! WE GOTTA BLOW THIS TOWN JUST LIKE WE DUSTED MERCER VILLE, LOGANSBURG AND CHARLOTTE!



IT'S THAT MAP OF YOURS, EARL! THEY GOT IT PASTERED ALL OVER TOWN! THEY EVEN GOT EARL CARDOZA MASKS FOR KIDS! I DON'T KNOW WHAT WE'RE GOIN' TO DO, EARL! YOU'RE FACE IS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!



THEY GOT EARL CARDOZA MASKS, EH? YOU KNOW WHAT, SPOOK? THEY'RE LOOKING FOR EARL CARDOZA, BUT WHEN THEY FIND ME I WON'T HAVE EARL CARDOZA'S FACE! I'M GONNA GET MY MAP ERASED!



TWO NIGHTS LATER, IN THE MID-WESTERN TOWN OF CLAYVILLE...

WH? WH...WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?



HIVA, DOC! INVITE US IN! I CAN TALK BETTER OUT OF THE RAIN!

YOU DON'T KNOW ME, DOC... BUT YOU KNOW A CERTAIN GUY NAMED CHARLEY BANNERMAN! ME AND CHARLEY WERE PALS UP THE RIVER! YOU DID A LOT OF WORK FOR HIM AND HIS BOYS!



Y-YES, I REMEMBER BUT THAT WAS A LONG TIME AGO! THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW! M-MY LIFE HAS CHANGED! I DON'T BR... DO THOSE THINGS ANYMORE!

YOU CAN DO THEM THINGS ONCE MORE, DOC... FOR ME! I WANT MY FACE TANGLED UP, DOC! YOU'RE GONNA DO IT... OR ELSE!



P-PLEASE... NOT SO LOUD! M-MY WIFE... ER... STEP INTO THE OFFICE... HERE! WE CAN TALK WITH-OUT BEING HEARD!

THREE WEEKS LATER, TWO MEN WALKED FROM DR RUDD'S HOME. ONE WAS "SPOOK" LENOX... THE OTHER WAS A HIDEOUS MOCKERY OF GROTESQUE UGLINESS...

WE'RE READY TO TRAVEL, SPOOK! ALL WE NEED IS DOUGH AND HARDWARE, AND I KNOW WHERE WE CAN GET BOTH! HOW DO I LOOK, SPOOK?

D-DON'T ASK ME, EARL! YOU WANTED YOUR MAP CHANGED! WELL, IT'S CHANGED ALL RIGHT!



AND THE BLAZING TRAIL OF CRIME BEGAN TO BUILD UP WITH TERRIFYING RAPIDITY! THE IMPLEMENTS OF MURDER WERE NECESSARY, SO AN ARMORY IN KANSAS FELL VICTIM TO CARDOZA'S VENGEANCE-CRAZED HANDS. MONEY IS AN ACCESSORY TO CRIME, SO THREE BANKS IN LITTLE ROCK, TULSA AND ST LOUIS WERE LOOTED, WITH THE CORRESPONDING TOLL IN BLOOD AND LIFE! FOUR GUARDS LAY DEAD, SO IT MATTERED NO LONGER HOW MANY MORE LIVES WERE TO BE TAKEN BEFORE EARL CARDOZA'S LUST FOR REVENGE WAS SATISFIED!

ON AUGUST 23RD 1924, A BLACK SEDAN SPED TOWARDS CHICAGO...

WE'RE TAKIN' A BIG CHANCE HEADIN' FOR CHICAGO, EARL! EVERY BULL IN THE COUNTRY KNOWS US AND IS LOOKING FOR US!

WE GOTTA DIE SOMETIME, AND BEFORE I DIE I WANT TO PAY OFF THEM RATS WHO CROSSED US INTO STR!



THEY'RE OLD PALS OF OURS, GIMP! WE'RE DYIN' TO SEE SHIMMY SCHULTZ, LIPS MILLER AND GRUBBY MILLER!

YEAH, I KNOW ALL ABOUT HOW PALS YOU GUYS ARE! GET IN TOUCH WITH ENGLISH EDDY! HE KNOWS WHERE THEY HANG OUT!



FOR A COUPLE OF C-NOTES EXTRA I'LL FINGER THE RATS FOR YOU!

WE'LL DO OUR OWN FINGERING, EDDIE! AFTER WE CLEAN UP SOME BUSINESS, YOU CAN PITCH IN WITH US! MY OUTFIT'S GOIN' PLACES!



IT WAS EXACTLY 9:30 P.M. THAT WALTER "SHIMMY" SCHULTZ MET DEATH ON THE CORNER OF THIRTEENTH AND DUANE STREETS...



HARRY "LIPS" MILLER WAS MOWED DOWN HALF AN HOUR LATER, IN A LOOP DISTRICT HOTEL...

A SOUVENIR FROM EARL CARDOZA, MILLER!



KARL "GRUBBY" HEINZ WAS TREATED TO A DRINK BY AN UGLY STRANGER BEFORE HE DIED.

SO YOU JUST GOT OUT OF THE JOLIET JUG, EH? HAW, HAW! DAT MAKES ME LAUGH! I HAD AN OLD PAL UP THERE, BY THE NAME OF CARDOZA. KNOW HIM?

CARDOZA? YEAH...YEAH, NOW I REMEMBER HIM! HE BUSTED OUT WITH SOME STR-CRAZY DOPES A COUPLA MONTHS AGO! HE TOOK A BUM RAP DIDN'T HE?



YEAH, A BUM RAP! I PINNED IT ON HIM, TOO! SO HE LAMMED OUT, EH? THE BULLS WILL NAIL HIM! NOBODY COULD FORGET THAT PRETTY FACE OF HIS!

NOBODY, NOT EVEN YOU, EH, HEINZ?



TAKE A GOOD LOOK, HEINZ! REMEMBER THIS FACE? YOU THINK IT'S STILL PRETTY? REMEMBER THAT NIGHT IN THE WAREHOUSE, HEINZ? I DO! I BEEN DREAMIN' ABOUT IT IN STIRS FOR FIVE YEARS!



A BIG, ROTTEN LOAD'S OFF MY CHEST, HEINZ! IT'S BEEN GNAWIN' INSIDE ME LIKE A RAT... BUT NOW THE GNAWING IS GONE! I FEEL GOOD!



ONCE AGAIN, THE FACE OF EARL CARDOZA WAS PLASTERED ACROSS A NATION! ONCE AGAIN HE LEAD THE LIFE OF A HUNTED ANIMAL, HIDING BY DAY AND BY NIGHT! BUT EVEN SO, HE GATHERED ABOUT HIMSELF A GANG OF RUTHLESS CRIMINALS WHO DID HIS BIDDING, WHILE HE HIMSELF DIRECTED OPERATIONS FROM A HIDEOUT IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO!

THE BULLS ARE CLOSING IN, SPOOK! I GOTTA CHANGE MY FACE AGAIN AND LAM OUT! WHY HAVE I GOT A FACE AT ALL? WHY DO I NEED A FACE? ALL I NEED IS A MOUTH, ERRS AND EYES!

LISTEN, EARL! LET'S LAM NOW! FORGET THAT BIG DIAMOND DEAL WE GOT SET UP! LET'S DUST THE COUNTRY AND GIVE OURSELVES A BREAK!



NO! WE NEED THE HAUL TO GET THE BUNDLE OF CASH IT'LL BRING! I'M GOING OUT WITH THE BOYS MYSELF! THIS IS THE LAST BIG DEAL, SO I'LL LEAD IT MYSELF!



THE TARGET WAS THE GREATEST DIAMOND CUTTING COMPANY IN THE COUNTRY, AND EARL CARDOZA, IN PERSON, CONDUCTED THE OPERATIONS...

HOW MUCH 'SOUP' ARE WE GONNA BLOW WITH, EARL?

ALL WE GOT! STASH THE SOUP IN THE FOUR, DRILL HOLES ON THE DOOR, AND PUT WHAT'S LEFT NEAR THE TUMBLERS! HEY, FATSO! DRAG UP THE BLAST DAMPERS!



IS SHE ALL SET, EARL?

ALMOST! HOP OVER HERE AND HOLD THIS CONTACT WHILE I CHECK THE JOB!



IT WAS A GROTESQUE QUIRK OF TWISTED FATE WHICH CAUSED SPOOK LENOX TO SLIP AT THAT MOMENT...

I'M FALLING! EARL!...EARL!

WH...?



THE REST WAS LOST IN A DEAFENING CATACLYSM OF MOLTEN STEEL, SHUDDERING WALLS, TORTURED FLESH AND PULVERIZING DEATH...



AND THE FAITHFUL DOG WHOSE LIFE WAS DEPEND NT AND BOUND UP WITH HIS MASTER'S, WAS THE ONE WHO WROTE FINIS TO HIS MASTER'S DEATH...

W-WAIT FOR ME, EARL!...DON'T... LEAVE... ME!



THUS THEY FOUND THEM, OR WHAT WAS LEFT OF THEM, AND EARL CARDOZA'S FACE WAS NO LONGER A FACTOR! HE WON, BUT IN WINNING, HE LOST...

WE GOT 'EM ALL IDENTIFIED BUT THIS ONE, CHIEF! HE HAS NO FACE!

IT COULD BE CARDOZA AND MAYBE IT ISN'T FUNNY HOW A GUY TRIES TO CHANGE HIS FACE TO ESCAPE THE LAW, AND WINDS UP WITH NONE! ANYWAY IT DOESN'T MATTER!



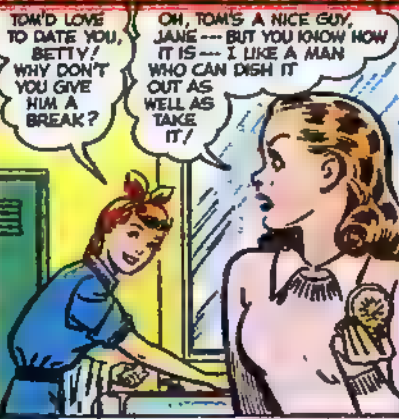
THE END

HOW 'MINI-GYM' TURNS PLANT "DRIP" INTO SUCCESS DYNAMO



SURE, TOM, YOU'VE GOT THE BRAINS AND MORE FOR THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB -- BUT YOU'D NEVER BE ABLE TO KEEP THOSE TOUGH HOMBRES IN THE SHOP IN LINE!

WELL, MAYBE YOU'RE RIGHT, BOSS!



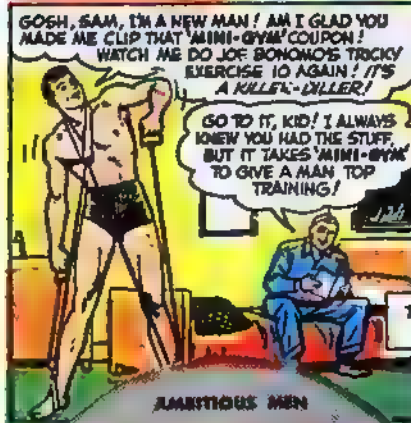
TOM'D LOVE TO DATE YOU, BETTY! WHY DON'T YOU GIVE HIM A BREAK?

OH, TOM'S A NICE GUY, JANE -- BUT YOU KNOW HOW IT IS -- I LIKE A MAN WHO CAN DISH IT OUT AS WELL AS TAKE IT!



IT'S NO USE, SAM -- I'M MOVING ON! I'M WORSE THAN A WASH-OUT IN THIS PLANT! I CAN'T GET PROMOTIONS LIKE YOU!

TAKE IT EASY, TOM! ALL YOU NEED IS A DAILY 10-MINUTE WORK-OUT WITH 'MINI-GYM' AND YOU'LL SOON BE GIVING ME A RUN FOR MY MONEY! HERE, LOOK AT THIS AD!



GOSH, SAM, I'M A NEW MAN! AM I GLAD YOU MADE ME CLIP THAT 'MINI-GYM' COUPON! WATCH ME DO JOE BONOMO'S TRICKY EXERCISE 10 AGAIN! IT'S A KILLER-KILLER!

GO TO IT, KID! I ALWAYS KNEW YOU HAD THE STUFF, BUT IT TAKES 'MINI-GYM' TO GIVE A MAN TOP TRAINING!



NEXT TIME, FELLER, YOU'D BETTER THINK FIRST BEFORE YOU START SHOOTING OFF YOUR MOUTH AT ME!

OH, TOM, YOU'RE WONDERFUL!

HONEST, TOM, I -- I DIDN'T MEAN NOTHING!

TWO MONTHS LATER...



THAT SUPERVISOR'S JOB IS YOURS, TOM! AND I DON'T HAVE TO WISH YOU LUCK! YOU'VE MADE YOURSELF INTO A REAL "COMER" WHO MAKES HIS OWN LUCK!

THANKS, BOSS! I'LL MAKE GOOD -- AND NOW!

AMBITIOUS MEN OF ALL AGES!

TO GET WHAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE GET FIT WITH JOE BONOMO'S 'MINI-GYM'!

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3.95 complete

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Packs All The Punch Of A Big, Expensive Gym, Including...

• Rowing Machine • Wall Exerciser • Tension Pulley • ~~etc.~~ way see the other fellow walk away with the job... and girl that should be yours! Life's prizes go to the smart man who keeps himself in "prime" physical condition. It's easy with the marvelous, new 'MINI-GYM'. For with this new wonder exerciser, you can...

Get A Real Kick Out Of Keeping Fit

Men! Alas, you haven't really lived 'til you get your eager hands (Yes, and feet, too) into Joe Bonomo's beat-all exerciser, the unique, new 'MINI-GYM'! Even though you hated exercise before, with superb 'MINI-GYM' and Joe Bonomo's big, new personal instruction book... you'll eat it up! Find yourself acting like a kid again... and loving it!

See How Fast 'MINI-GYM' Helps Do! You Into A-1 Shape!

You bet, almost before you know it, a daily 10 minutes with 'MINI-GYM' builds you into the kind of real "he man" material bosses want most... and girls go for (instant! Can't help but do, for this new "miracle" 'MINI-GYM' is an all-round, all-over body conditioner... meaning it does a 100% job of building YOU! Toning, strengthening and pepping up every muscle in your whole body!

'MINI-GYM'S' Perfected By The Famous

JOE BONOMO!

Working out the professional strong man himself, Joe Bonomo knows what it takes to build the physically perfect man! (Yes, and woman, too!) And he's put all his first hand knowledge into the design of this terrific, new exerciser! So in 'MINI-GYM' you've got everything it takes for genuine, professional body-building!

Great For Women, Too! Builds Fast, Beautiful

Though 'MINI-GYM' is plenty tough for the professional athlete, it's easy enough to be handled... and enjoyed... by any teen-age girl or small woman. How come? Because Joe Bonomo designed 'MINI-GYM' for girls and women, too! Especially those who want to develop real pep, alluring curves and a super gorgeous figure! No wonder girls everywhere go for 'MINI-GYM' in a big, BIG way!



Order Your 'MINI-GYM' by MODEL S, M or L

MODEL S if you are under 5 ft. tall

MODEL M if you are 5 ft. to 5 ft. 10 in. tall

MODEL L if you are over 5 ft. 10 in. tall

'MINI-GYM' CORP. Dept. MC-3 1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

RUSH ME one complete 'MINI-GYM', MODEL _____ with 44-page Joe Bonomo Course Book. I will deposit \$3.95, plus postage, with postman. If I am not satisfied in every way, I may return 'MINI-GYM' and Book within 10 days for full refund.

NAME _____ Print Plainly Please

STREET _____

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1 each for \$3.95. You pay postage. Same money-back guarantee. (Canadian and Foreign Orders, \$4.95. Cash with orders.)



Joe Bonomo's FREE Personal Instruction Book

Every thrill-packed page written for you by Joe Bonomo, this big, 44-page book, printed in 2 colors, gives you a complete 'MINI-GYM' health course. Far more than an instruction manual, it's an all-round, all-over Body Conditioner Course! Complete with 99 especially posed photos, charts, and fun-to-follow text. Size: 5 1/2" x 8 1/2". YOURS FREE with your 'MINI-GYM'!

You Can't Be Too Old For 'MINI-GYM'! Thirteen or 30, 18 or 20, once you see 'MINI-GYM', you can't wait to try it! Why? Because 'MINI-GYM' adapts instantly to the exercise needs... and thrills... of any age and all physical conditions from the weakest to the strongest!

POSITIVE MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE! Yes, it means just that! Order your 'MINI-GYM' today. Then test it in every way possible... exercise with it and enjoy it for 10 exciting days. If you are not satisfied in every way... in fact, delighted... just return 'MINI-GYM', and your money will be instantly refunded! Fair enough, isn't it?

'MINI-GYM' CORP.

1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

TIME: 1949
PLACE: MONTE CARLO

WALTER BLAKE

THE CORPSE!



EVER PLAY ROULETTE?... ON ONE SPIN OF THE WHEEL YOU CAN WIN MILLIONS OR LOSE YOUR LIFE! PERCHED HIGH ABOVE THE MEDITERRANEAN IN THE TINY PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO IS THE WORLD'S MOST FABULOUS CASINO, MONTE CARLO! THERE AROUND ITS ROULETTE TABLES THE RICH OF FIVE CONTINENTS FOLLOW THE FATEFUL FALL OF THE SPINNING SILVER BALL! BUT ONLY ONE MAN, AT THE PRICE OF HIS OWN LIFE, EVER EARNED THE TITLE OF... THE MAN WHO BEAT THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO!

THERE HAD BEEN THREE SUICIDES IN MAY, 1949 AT THE CASINO. ALL HEAVY LOGGERS AT MONTE CARLO'S DREAD WHEEL! REALIZING THERE WAS A STORY HERE, THE REGISTER SENT SAM SCOTT POST-HASTE BY AMERICAN OVERSEAS AIRLINES TO AWAIT MONTE CARLO'S 'NEXT'. ON THE 29TH, HE HAD FOLLOWED WITH MORBID INTEREST THE LOSINGS OF A HANDSOME AMERICAN IN A TUXEDO WHOSE LUCK STARTED FAILING AT SIX....

IT'S AFTER 12. IS HE STILL AT IT?

OUI! BUT NOT FOR MUCH LONGER! HE IS DOWN TO HIS LAST 1000 FRANCS! HE HAS ONLY ONE BLUE CHIP LEFT!



PLACE YOUR BETS.

THAT'S MY LAST THOUSAND FRANC CHIP AND ALL THE MONEY THAT'S LEFT IN MY WALLET! EVERYTHING ON NUMBER 31!

HE'S GOT THAT "DO OR DIE" LOOK... I'M BETTING SUICIDE NUMBER 4!



THE MANAGER SMILED COLDLY AT SAM'S REMARK...

IF HE DOES TAKE HIS OWN LIFE THE EVIDENCE WILL NOT POINT TO HIS LOSSES HERE AS THE CAUSE. NO DOUBT YOU HAVE HEARD THE RUMOR... THE CASINO PUTS A WALLET WITH 100,000 FRANCS IN EVERY SUICIDE'S POCKET! THEN YOU CANNOT REPORT THAT ROULETTE KILLED HIM!

THERE'S A LOT MORE THAN A 100,000 FRANCS RIDING ON THIS SPIN--LET'S WATCH!

ROUND AND ROUND THE SILVER BALL BOUNCED AND CAREENED! THE WHIRLING WHEEL GLOWED... BLACK AND RED SQUARES COULD BE SEEN... THEN THE BALL JUMPED FROM NUMBER TO NUMBER--SUDDENLY CHANCE STOPPED IT!

21! THE BANK WINS!

21... WELL... THIS PLACE IS FREE...

WELL, THERE IS A GENTLEMAN WHO HAS JUST SAID AU REVOIR TO HALF A MILLION FRANCS! BUT THE CASINO WILL PAY HIS HOTEL BILL!

AND IF HE KILLS HIMSELF THE CASINO WILL ALSO STUFF HIS POCKETS SO THE POLICE WON'T BLAME GAMBLING BUT "PASSION" AS THE CAUSE... VERY THOUGHTFUL! I'M GOING FOR WALK!

SAM DIDN'T FOLLOW HIM TOO CLOSELY! HE WAS EASY TO SPOT IN HIS TUXEDO AND WHITE SHIRT FRONT! SAM STOPPED BY THE MARBLE BALUSTRADE ON THE BALCONY ABOVE THE BEACH AS HE HEADED DOWN! SOFT MUSIC AND LAUGHTER FILLED THE NIGHT UNTIL...

A GUN SHOT!

BANG!

THE REPORTER SENSED A STORY! THREE AT A TIME HE RACED DOWN THE STEPS TO THE BEACH! THERE FIVE FEET FROM WHERE THE WARM MEDITERRANEAN LAPPED THE MOON-SWEET SANDS A BLACK OMINOUS FORM LAY...

BLOOD ALL OVER HIS SHIRT FRONT... GUN STILL WARM IN HIS HAND... HE SHOT HIMSELF THROUGH THE HEART... DEAD!

SAM WAS NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO HEARD THE FATAL SUICIDE SHOT...

QUICK, PIERRE! TAKE THAT ROLL OF 100,000 FRANCS! AND PUT IT IN THE DEAD MAN'S POCKET! THERE IS A DEAD MAN?

YES... THE AMERICAN SHOT HIMSELF ON THE BEACH!

THE CASHIER DASHED OUT ON HIS GRUESOME MISSION! THE MANAGER SMILED AND PUT A FRIENDLY ARM AROUND SAM...

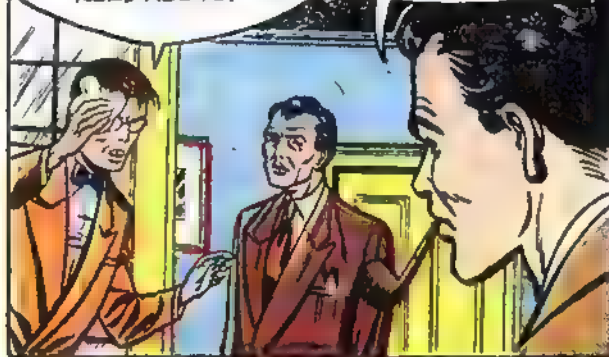
MONSIEUR, YOU CORRESPONDENTS ARE HORRIBLY UNDERPAID! AND FOOD HERE IN MONACO IS SO EXPENSIVE! WHILE YOU STAY HERE ALLOW ME TO HAVE A TABLE SET FOR YOU FREE! BUT BEFORE WE DISCUSS FOOD... WHEN THE GENDARMES ARRIVE TO EXAMINE THE BODY...

AND FIND HE'S WELL-HEELED, I SHOULDN'T CONTRADICT THEM BUT WRITE UP A STORY AS THE END OF A SAD "LOVE AFFAIR" ...I'LL THINK IT OVER!

THE OFFER WAS TEMPTING BUT HE WAS PAID TO WRITE TRUTH NOT FICTION, THOUGH THE SWIFT EVENTS THAT FOLLOWED SEEMED TO MAKE FICTION OF TRUTH...

WHEW! NOT A MINUTE TOO SOON! I LEFT THE UNFORTUNATE GENTLEMAN 100,000 FRANCS RICHER, JUST AS THE GENDARMES' CAR ARRIVED ON THE ROAD ABOVE!

YOU'RE NOT FOOLING ANYONE! ALL THE HABITUÉS OF THIS PLACE KNOW YOU PLANNED TO PLANT A WALLET ON THE NEXT SUICIDE!



MINUTES LATER TWO IRATE GENDARMES STORMED IN...

MONSIEUR, WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS **HOAX**? THERE IS **NO** SUICIDE! WE SEARCHED THE WHOLE BEACH FRONT... **THERE IS NO BODY!**

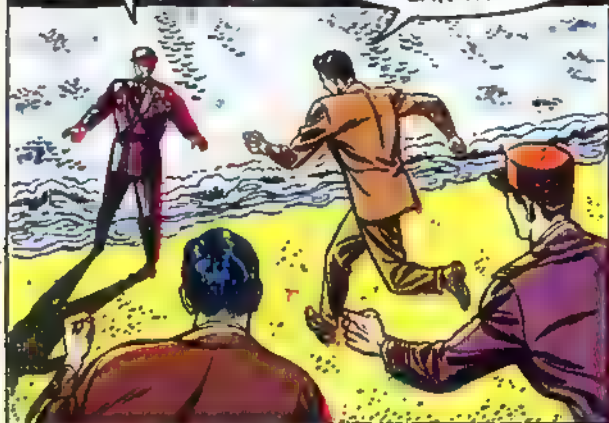
NO BODY! YOU'RE CRAZY! I SAW IT MYSELF!



WITH THE CASHIER AND SCOTT SWEARING TO THE TRUTH OF THE SUICIDE, THE SKEPTICAL OFFICERS FOLLOWED THEM AS THEY RAN BACK TO THE BEACH...

WELL? WELL, MONSIEUR, ADMIT YOU LIED TO US WHEN...

B-BUT IT WAS RIGHT HERE!..THERE WAS A BODY! I SAW IT!



HE COULD STILL SEE THAT TERRIBLE BLOODY SHIRT FRONT! THE CASHIER HAD TOUCHED THE CORPSE ...BUT SEARCH AS THEY MIGHT...NOT A TRACE...

MAYBE THE WATER CARRIED THE BODY OFF... NO, HE WAS LYING FIVE FEET FROM IT... I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND... I CAN'T FIGURE IT OUT...

I CAN..DRINK! NEXT TIME THE CASINO REPORTS A SUICIDE LET THEM LOCK THE CORPSE IN THEIR BURGLAR-PROOF VAULT, BON SOIR!



BAFFLED THEY WANDERED BACK TO THE CASINO. AS THEY ENTERED THE SALON PERDUS A CHEER WENT UP FROM THE CENTRAL TABLE...

NUMBER 31 WINS! HOORAY!

WHAT HAPPENED?

SOME AMERICAN CHAP JUST BET 100,000 ON 31 AND WON 3,600,000 FRANCS! THAT'S THE LUCKY BLOKE -- IN THE TUXEDO!



Y-YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

ALIVE? I NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE! EXCUSE ME, I'VE GOT TO RAKE IN SOME CHIPS!



B-BUT I SAW YOU DEAD ON THE BEACH! BLOOD ALL OVER YOUR SHIRT... I KNOW IT WAS YOU... YOU WERE THERE!



SAW ME ON THE BEACH? YOU'RE CRAZY! I STEPPED OUT FOR SUPPER! LOUSY SERVICE..A WAITER SPILLED KETCHUP ALL OVER MY SHIRT FRONT!

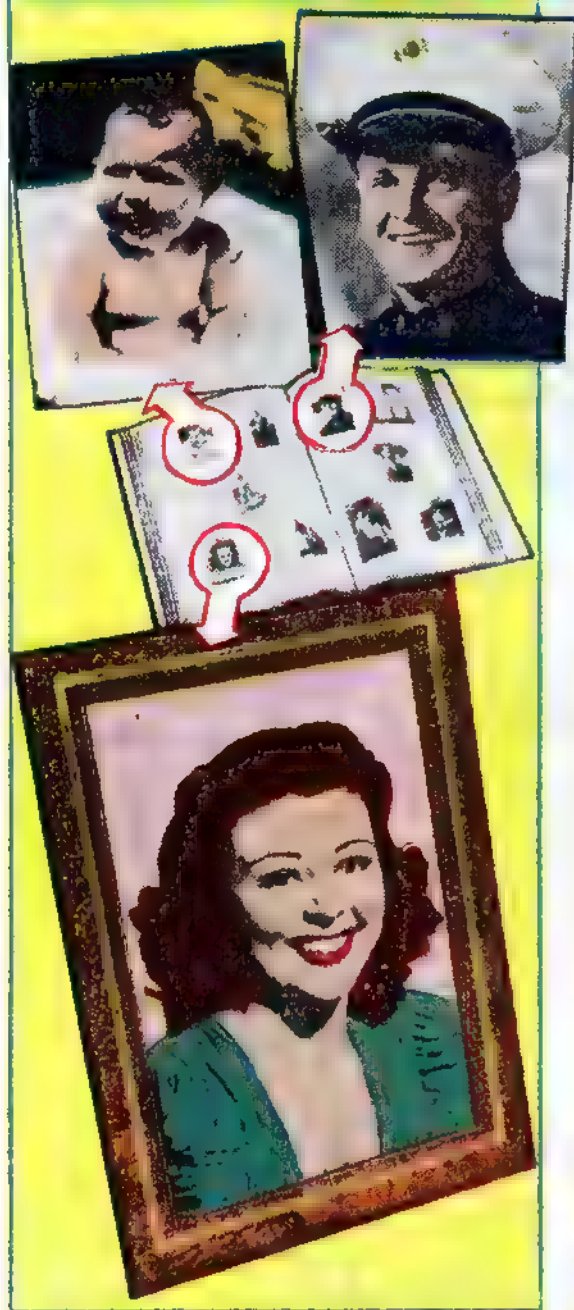
MON DIEU! AND THE CASINO JUST SPILLED 100,000 FRANCS INTO THE POCKET OF THE MAN WHO HAD THE WINNING NUMBER!



THAT CLEVER AMERICAN ACTOR WAS THE ONLY MAN THAT EVER BEAT THE BANK AT MONTE CARLO ...AND WITH THEIR OWN MONEY!

THE END

New silk-finish enlargement, Ivory gold-tooled frame



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(Circle)—Picture No. 1

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

(Circle)—Picture No. 2

Hair _____

Eyes _____

Clothing _____

TAKEN FOR A RIDE

"WANT to make five hundred bucks for yourself, fella?" the tall stranger said to Al Thomas as Al started to get into his jalopy.

Al glanced over his shoulder and laughed. "You know, mister, I could have sworn that I heard you say . . ."

"Do you want to make five hundred dollars," the stranger finished Al's sentence for him.

"Yeah," Al scratched his head.

"And don't ask if you have to kill anybody. All you have to do is share the driving with me on a trip to California."

Al looked back at his antiquated wreck.

The stranger hurriedly added, "... in my car."

Al agreed to help the stranger. It seemed like a cinch. About three days on the road, then a bus ride back to Detroit and Al would be five hundred smackers richer. The stranger gave his name as Larry Shelton and Al was to meet him at the Elite Hotel early tomorrow morning.

A few minutes later Al's heap on wheels screeched to a halt in front of his girl friend's house. Inside he twirled Susan Philipps in a happy dance around the living room.

"Albert Thomas, have you gone completely mad?" Susan laughed.

"Darling, we're rich! Five hundred dollars rich!"

"What in the world are you

raving about, Al? Stop spinning like a top and tell me what this is all about."

Al flopped into a huge flower-pattern chair and explained.

"... and when I get back the rest of the money we'll take care of the down payment on some furniture. Then we can get married. While I'm gone you can go apartment hunting."

Susan's eye sparkled, "How about spending a little bit more and taking me with you? It'll be our honeymoon."

"No, Susan, every penny counts," said Al getting up. "Well, I've got to get going. We start early."

Al said goodnight and went home to get a long night's sleep. He didn't expect to get too much sleep in the next three or four days.

The next morning at eight he was plopped in one of the leather chairs in the lobby of the Elite hotel. Larry Shelton came down a few minutes later and they went out to a ritzy car parked about a block away.

They got in and Larry said that the car was already checked for oil and gas. Al noticed that the car was the latest model Super. He knew that many people came to Detroit to pick up new cars at a lower cost and then drive home in them, sometimes as far away as New York.

Shelton took the first turn at the wheel and they drove away. Al also noticed that Larry was a very careful driver.

A few minutes later they

were racing along the highway leading out of Detroit. Al rested his head on the back of the seat and mused on his good fortune in finding such an easy way to pick up five hundred dollars. He had always had a yearning to see some of the country, too, and here was his chance, and he was getting paid for it. He thought of Susan and how nice it would have been to have her along. A bump in the road jarred him out of his dreams.

Al opened his eyes and asked Shelton if he wanted to change places. Larry shook his head. Al looked down at the bulge on the door next to Shelton. There was a holstered pistol strapped to the door. Al had a moment of confusion and uncertainty. Then he asked, "What's the gun for, Larry?"

"Oh, er . . . just in case we . . . well, in case there's trouble."

The answer didn't fully satisfy Al but he didn't have any reason not to believe Larry so he shrugged it off.

Hours later the men stopped for a bite to eat. When they left the diner Al got behind the wheel. He drove until late that night then Larry told him to pull into a tourist camp.

Larry went to his cabin and Al to his. Al turned on the small radio next to his bed and stopped breathing for a few seconds when he heard the announcer say:

"... and notify your nearest police station if you see this

CONTINUED AFTER NEXT PAGE...

STOP crying about PIMPLES



AMAZING NEW TREATMENT FIGHTS PIMPLES* WITH FIRST APPLICATION

Yes, you can stop shedding tears over unsightly externally caused* pimples, acne and blackheads because here is a new method of complete skin care based on the most recent scientific knowledge of complexion problems.

We therefore make an offer so compelling that you cannot, in fairness to yourself, pass up the opportunity it presents.

This offer is made to those who are suffering from bad skin and are earnestly interested in enjoying a clearer—smoother—healthier-looking skin again.

To YOU we offer the fruits of our search for a formula, the best that science has developed for attacking common skin problems. Our experience has convinced us that the SEBASOL method is without equal in overcoming externally caused acne and pimples. We have therefore come to a decision—unprecedented, so far as we know, of taking all the risk ourselves.

Sebasol Method Supported By Diverse Medical Opinions

Leading medical authorities differ on the importance of various contributing factors to externally caused acne and pimples.

These factors are: diet, vitamin deficiency, personal hygiene, occupational exposures and postural habits.

The Sebasol method recognizes the importance of all these contributing factors and each of them is an integral part of the Sebasol treatment.

The Sebasol method is not designed to relieve all skin disturbances, and is not prescribed to treat individual cases due to systemic causes. But, to our knowledge, the Sebasol method is the only complete treatment of its type offered to sufferers of common skin maladies. Until new facts are discovered, there is nothing known to science which can do more for the relief of bad skin.

YOU GET DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We believe the SEBASOL method of skin care is the greatest aid that has ever been offered to those interested in avoiding the misery of a bad skin. We can and do promise that after a 30-day trial you must see and enjoy a remarkable difference in your skin or we guarantee to refund, not only the price you pay—but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

We know we could not make this offer unless the SEBASOL complete treatment is all we say it is.

You want the clearest, smoothest and healthiest skin. That is your birthright. Study our guarantee. We take all the risk. You have the protection of **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK.**

ACT NOW BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!

Neglect of acne can result in permanent scarring of your skin so act now! Take the first step—now—toward the good skin you desire. Fill out the coupon and mail—today—for a full 30-day supply. Price \$3.00, only 10¢ a day. Isn't your skin worth the best?



GUARANTEE

This written guarantee entitles you not only to the return of the price paid for the Sebasol complete treatment but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK** unless you actually see and enjoy a remarkable improvement in your skin condition. The test is at our risk. All you do is return the unused portion of the treatment if not completely satisfied.

Comate Laboratories Inc.

COMATE LABORATORIES INC., Dept. 1114
1432 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y.

Please rush at once the complete Sebasol skin treatment (30 days' supply) in plain wrapper. I must be completely satisfied with the results of the treatment or you **GUARANTEE DOUBLE MY MONEY BACK** upon return of the unused portion.

- ☐ Enclosed find \$3.00 (Cash, Check, Money Order)
☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$3.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Zone _____ State _____

APO, FPO, Canada and Foreign, add 25 cents. No. C.O.D.

car. Here's the description again. It's a new Super sedan, dark green, license number either 7 dash 4956 or 5 dash 3773. Those are the plates known to be in the possession of car thief Lionel Sanderson."

Al's thoughts whirled. Larry's car was green, was a sedan and a Super. He went outside and looked at the plates of Larry's car. Sure enough they were one of the numbers the announcer mentioned.

Now he saw Larry's game. Larry Shelton . . . or was it Lionel Sanderson? It was a common trick among less intelligent thieves to pick an alias with initials the same as the real name. Shelton, or Sanderson could easily get three thousand for this car in California and peddling it would be a lot easier than in Detroit where the police were looking for it. And me, thought Al, I was along so that if something went wrong, Sanderson would ditch the car and leave me holding the bag . . . or the car. Pretty nifty trick, thought Al, and at the end of the trip I probably get a jab in the jaw instead of five hundred bucks.

Al spat on the ground and pulled up on his trousers. "I'm going to bring that cheap crook in."

It was about ten P.M. when Al went to Sanderson's cabin and knocked. No answer. He rapped again. Still no answer. He tried the door and to his surprise it opened easily. But the cabin was empty! Al searched the entire court but found no sign of his driving partner. He went into the owner's shack and called the police.

"The car just reported stolen on the local station . . . ych, the green Super sedan . . . well, I've

got it. No, no, I'm not the thief. Would I be calling you if I had a stolen car? I mean I have got a stolen car but I didn't steal it. Who did? A guy named Shelton . . . yeah, Sanderson, that's the same guy. No, he's not here, he . . ."

While Al was talking he heard a car's brakes screech to a sudden stop outside. He looked out and saw three uniformed state troopers get out. They ran inside with drawn guns.

Pretty smart, thought Al, the desk sarg keeps me gabbing on the phone while his boys race



out here to make sure I don't skip after making the call. Al hung up and turned to face the police.

"Don't worry I wasn't planning to skip. I want to find that rat Sanderson as much as you do. He sure made a sucker out of me."

Al went to headquarters with the policemen and there told the whole story. He agreed to help the police find Sanderson and to identify him for the local and Detroit police. A routine check would be made immediately throughout the whole town, he was told. They were

sure that the town was too small to hide a fugitive like Sanderson.

Suddenly Al remembered the gun. He checked the car but the fire piece was gone. He told the police about the gun.

The sergeant got busy on the teletype. An alarm was sent to all neighboring towns and state police stations.

"It'd be a good idea to check all train and bus schedules for tonight. Maybe Sanderson skipped that way."

When Al finished talking the policemen laughed and told him that the check was made a long time ago. No transportation moved out of town that late at night.

"Suppose he hitched a ride out of town?" Al asked. "What's the most logical place to get a lift . . . long distance style?" Without waiting for an answer Al answered, "a gas station of course."

The police agreed and the next morning they surprised Sanderson as he pulled into the only gas station in town driving another stolen auto. Trapped, Sanderson grabbed Al and stuck his gun into Al's back.

"One move, coppers, and I let this little boy have it," he rasped.

Al reached over backwards and got a firm hold on Sanderson's head and yelled to the police.

"Come and get him boys . . . I forgot to tell you that I emptied the shells out of his gun when I took my turn behind the wheel driving in from Detroit."

The police rewarded Al with a ticket back home and when Al finished telling the story to Susan he laughed and said:

"Well, at least I'm one guy that has been taken for a ride and lived to tell about it."

THE END



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5 piece ensemble

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- 2 PAJAMA TROUSERS
- 3 ROBE
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- 5 CARRYALL CASE

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for
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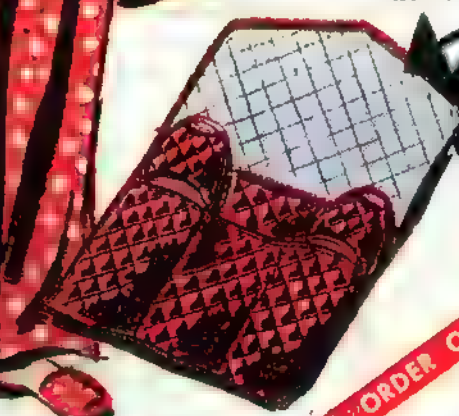
LOOK TWICE! (Everyone does!) This glamorous 5 piece set looks easily twice its price.

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with cunning scuffs, both
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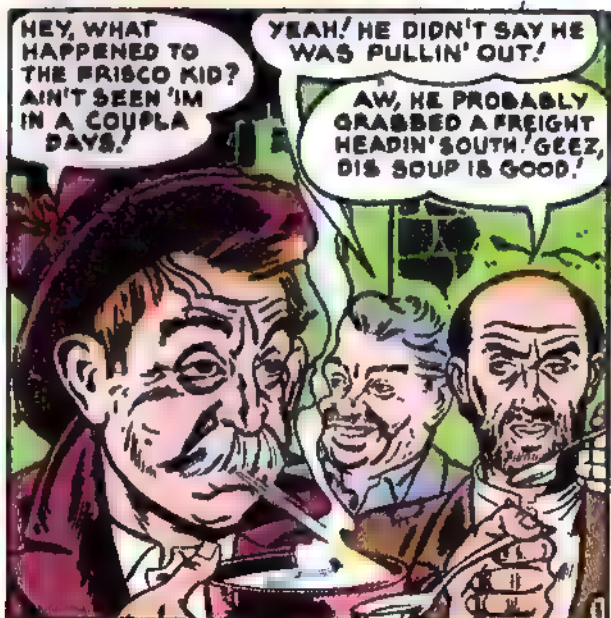
ORDER TODAY
AT OUR RISK!

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MAN IN HELL'S KITCHEN



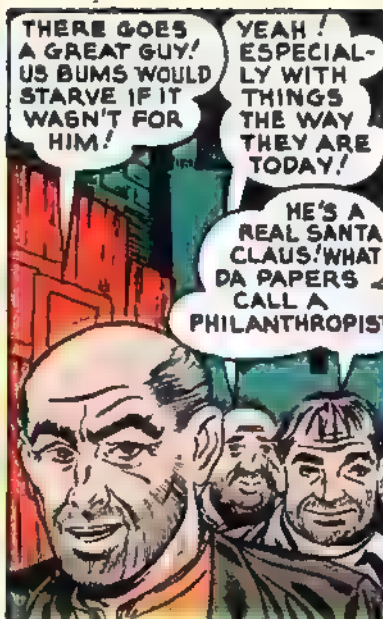
IN 1931 THE COUNTRY WAS IN THE THROES OF A DEPRESSION, AND AS THE WINTER CAME ON, THE BOWERY DERELICTS FLOCKED TO THE FREE SOUP KITCHEN SET UP BY NICHOLAS TALGON!





GOOD NIGHT, GENTLEMEN! DON'T FORGET TO COME BACK TOMORROW... THERE'S PLENTY FOR ALL! ALABAM, WILL YOU PUT THE BOWLS IN THE SHACK WHEN YOU'RE ALL FINISHED?

SURE! GOOD NIGHT!



THERE GOES A GREAT GUY! US BUMS WOULD STARVE IF IT WASN'T FOR HIM!

YEAH! ESPECIALLY WITH THINGS THE WAY THEY ARE TODAY!

HE'S A REAL SANTA CLAUS! WHAT DA PAPERS CALL A PHILANTHROPIST!



EVENING, NIFTY NICK! I KIN TELL IT'S YOU 'CAUSE YA ALWAYS GIVES ME A DIME FER A PAPER, 'STEAD OF TWO CENTS!

EVENING, MIKE! WELL, I SEE THAT PUBLIC ENEMY HAS REACHED THE END OF HIS ROTTEN ROAD! THAT'S THE FIFTH THIS YEAR!



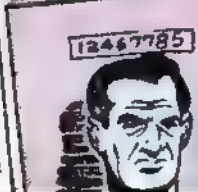
SUN

MORNING EDITION.

ON DAY

GANGSTER FOUND ON RAILROAD TRACKS, SHOT IN FACE AND HANDS!

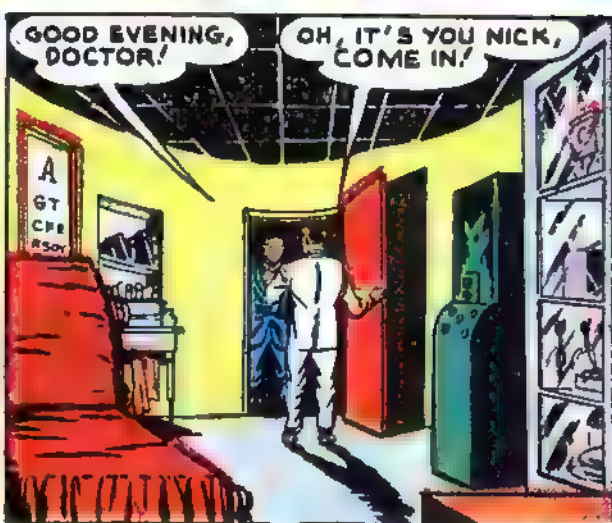
IDENTIFIED BY CLOTHING, HAIR, AND EYE COLOR! PAPERS FOUND ON BODY! STORY P.2



WELL, ALVIN, DID YOU SEE THE PAPERS? THEY FOUND YOUR BODY! THE FRISCO KID WAS A PERFECT CORPSE FOR YOU!

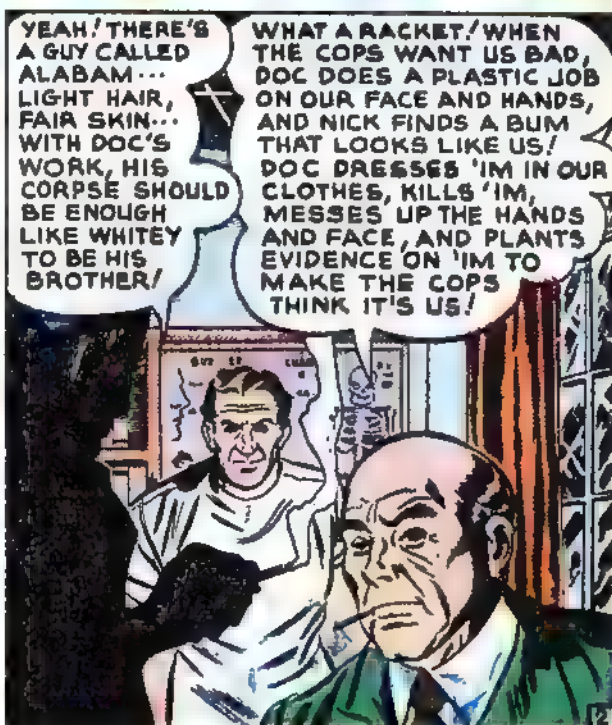
YEAH! NICE WORK, NICK! NOW AS SOON AS DOC GETS THESE BANDAGES OFF SO I CAN SEE MY NEW FACE, I'LL BE OFF TO SOUTH AMERICA!

HAVE YOU SPOTTED ANYONE FOR WHITEY, NICK?



GOOD EVENING, DOCTOR!

OH, IT'S YOU NICK, COME IN!



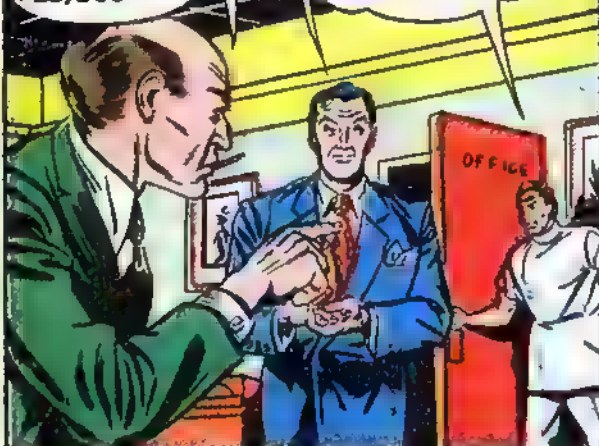
YEAH! THERE'S A GUY CALLED ALABAM... LIGHT HAIR, FAIR SKIN... WITH DOC'S WORK, HIS CORPSE SHOULD BE ENOUGH LIKE WHITEY TO BE HIS BROTHER!

WHAT A RACKET! WHEN THE COPS WANT US BAD, DOC DOES A PLASTIC JOB ON OUR FACE AND HANDS, AND NICK FINDS A BUM THAT LOOKS LIKE US! DOC DRESSES 'IM IN OUR CLOTHES, KILLS 'IM, MESSES UP THE HANDS AND FACE, AND PLANTS EVIDENCE ON 'IM TO MAKE THE COPS THINK IT'S US!

IT'S PERFECT! THE COPS DON'T WASTE TIME LOOKIN' FOR GUYS THEY THINK ARE DEAD! IT'S WORTH THE \$25,000!

THANKS, ALVIN! DOC, I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU... PRIVATELY!

O.K., NICK! LET'S GO INTO THE OFFICE!



WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND, NICK?

JUST THIS, DOC! I KNOW HOW MUCH THESE HOODS PAY YOU FOR THE PLASTIC JOBS AND THE FAKE BODIES, AND I FIGURE I AIN'T GETTIN' ENOUGH! FROM NOW ON I WANT \$1,000 FOR EACH BUM I DELIVER!



WHY YOU DIRTY PUNK! I PICKED YOU UP OUT OF THE GUTTER... GAVE YOU THAT SOUP KITCHEN IN THE BOWERY SO YOU COULD EARN MORE DOUGH THAN YOU EVER SAW BEFORE! I OUGHT TO...

TAKE IT EASY, DOC! YOU PICKED ME UP AND FINANCED THE BOWERY KITCHEN BECAUSE YOU COULD USE ME TO DO JUST AS I AM DOING! YOU HAVE TO PAY ME WHAT I WANT... I KNOW TOO MUCH!



O.K. I'LL GIVE YOU \$1,000 A PIECE FOR THE BUMS I CAN USE! NOW GET OUT... AND BRING THAT ALABAM BUM YOU'VE PICKED FOR WHITEY'S CORPSE OVER HERE TOMORROW!

NOW THAT'S THE WAY TO TALK, DOC! SEE YOU TOMORROW NIGHT, AND NO HARD FEELINGS, EH, DOC?



ALABAM, I HAVE A FRIEND WHO NEEDS A LITTLE WORK DONE THAT I THINK YOU CAN HANDLE! I'LL SEE THAT YOU'RE PAID FOR IT!

SURE, NIFTY NICK! FOR YOU, US BUMS WOULD DO ANYTHING... AN' WITHOUT GETTIN' PAID, TOO!



WE'LL GO THERE RIGHT AWAY! YOU, SEE THAT THE MEN ARE FED WHILE I'M GONE!

SURE, BOSS!



SAME HAIR, EYES AND BUILD AS I GOT! YUP, HE SURE COULD PASS FOR ME IN A PINCH! HEY, I MADE A JOKE... "IN A PINCH"... GET IT? HA, HA, HA!

YES, HE'LL DO NICELY!

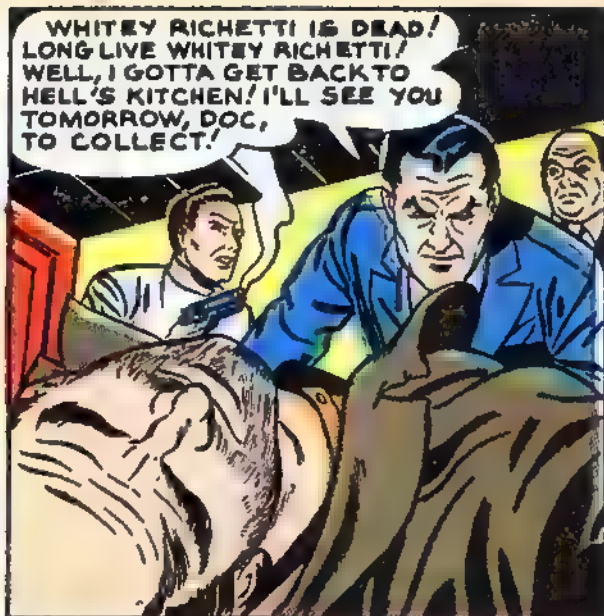
I... I DON'T LIKE THIS! WHAT'S THE GUN FOR?





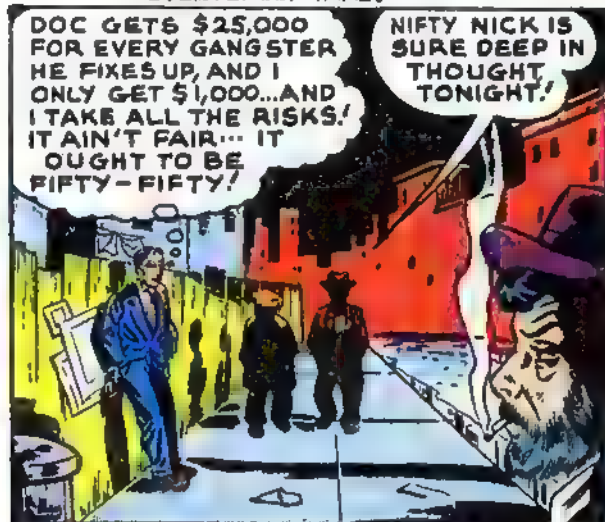
MR. NICK, YOU CAN'T LET THEM DO THIS TO ME! NIFTY NICK, I AARGHHH...

IT ALWAYS BEATS ME THE WAY A BUM LIKE THIS WANTS TO HANG ON TO LIFE!



WHITEY RICCHETTI IS DEAD! LONG LIVE WHITEY RICCHETTI! WELL, I GOTTA GET BACK TO HELL'S KITCHEN! I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, DOC, TO COLLECT!

BACK AT THE SOUP KITCHEN, NICK'S AGILE, WEASEL MIND BEGAN TO WORK IN THE CROOKED CHANNELS ALL EVIL MINDS EVENTUALLY TAKE!



DOC GETS \$25,000 FOR EVERY GANGSTER HE FIXES UP, AND I ONLY GET \$1,000...AND I TAKE ALL THE RISKS! IT AIN'T FAIR... IT OUGHT TO BE FIFTY-FIFTY!

NIFTY NICK IS SURE DEEP IN THOUGHT, TONIGHT.



I'VE GOT ENOUGH ON HIM TO SEE HIM BURN! HE'S GOTTA COME ACROSS LIKE I WANT! I CAN BLACKMAIL HIM INTO IT! IF I SQUEAL, HE'S A DEAD DUCK! FROM NOW ON IT'LL BE FIFTY-FIFTY, OR ELSE!

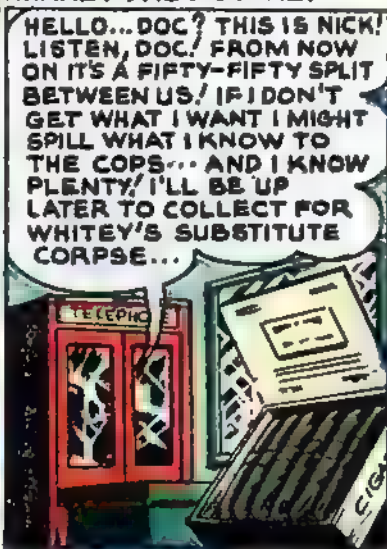
THE NEXT DAY, NOV. 2, 1931, NICK BOUGHT A PAPER BEFORE GOING TO THE SOUP KITCHEN!



WHAT'S THE HEADLINES TODAY, NIFTY NICK?

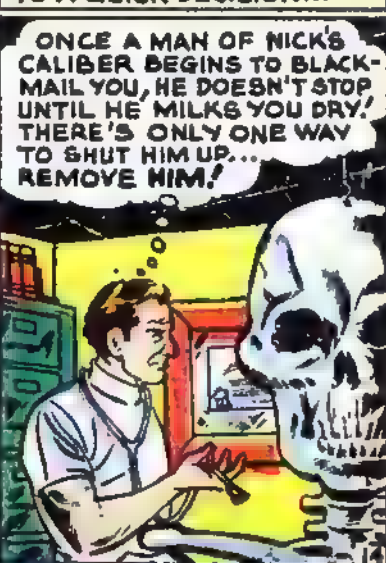
IT SEEMS THAT THE BODY OF ANOTHER WANTED HOODLUM HAS BEEN FOUND! ALDO WHITEY RICCHETTI WAS FOUND SHOT AND MUTILATED! HE WAS IDENTIFIED BY HIS GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS AND PAPERS FOUND ON THE BODY! TSK, TSK!

A FEW MINUTES LATER NICK WAS IN A PHONE BOOTH AT A NEARBY DRUG STORE!



HELLO... DOC? THIS IS NICK! LISTEN, DOC! FROM NOW ON IT'S A FIFTY-FIFTY SPLIT BETWEEN US! IF I DON'T GET WHAT I WANT I MIGHT SPILL WHAT I KNOW TO THE COPS... AND I KNOW PLenty! I'LL BE UP LATER TO COLLECT FOR WHITEY'S SUBSTITUTE CORPSE...

DOCTOR PAULSON CAME TO A QUICK DECISION...



ONCE A MAN OF NICK'S CALIBER BEGINS TO BLACKMAIL YOU, HE DOESN'T STOP UNTIL HE MILKS YOU DRY! THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO SHUT HIM UP... REMOVE HIM!

I'LL PUT ON OLD CLOTHES SO I WON'T BE CONSPICUOUS. THEN, AFTER I KNOCK THAT LITTLE SKUNK OFF, I'LL BE ABLE TO MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY WHILE THAT CROWD OF BUMS ARE MILLING AROUND. THE POLICE ARE SURE TO GRAB ONE OF THEM FOR NICK'S MURDER!



DOC HAD PLANNED WELL! HE REACHED THE BOWERY SOUP KITCHEN WHEN THE GREATEST AMOUNT OF BUMS WERE LINING UP FOR FOOD. QUIETLY HE TOOK A BOWL AND STOOD IN LINE WITH THE REST!

FELLOWS, THERE'S ENOUGH FOR TWO HELPINGS TODAY!

IT MAKES HIM HAPPY TO BE HELPIN' OTHERS! A GRAND GUY, HE IS!

NIFTY NICK SEEMS TO BE MIGHTY HAPPY TODAY, BLESS HIM!



HERE YOU ARE, MY FRIEND! I WAS... DOC!

YES, NICK! REMEMBER YOU SAID IT WOULD HAVE TO BE FIFTY-FIFTY? WELL, I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU AN EVEN SPLIT, NICK!



HERE IT IS... HOT LEAD FOR HOT SOUP, NICK... FIFTY-FIFTY!

NO... AARRRGHH!



KILL HIM... SMASH HIM TO PIECES!

HE KILLED NIFTY NICK... THE FINEST MAN WE'VE EVER KNOWN! KILL HIM!



THE POLICE ARRIVED A FEW MINUTES LATER, BUT NOT IN TIME TO DO DR. PAULSON ANY GOOD!

HE KILLED NIFTY NICK, THE FELLOW WHO FED THOSE BUMS! THEY LOVED NICK TALGON! AND I CAN'T SAY I BLAME THEM FOR DOING THIS TO THE GUY WHO KILLED HIM!

THIS GUY HAS BEEN TORN TO PIECES... NOT ENOUGH LEFT TO IDENTIFY... ANYWAY, NOBODY EVER IDENTIFIES THESE BUMS!



THE LATE EVENING PAPERS OF THAT NOV. 2ND CARRIED THE STORY OF THE TRAGIC DEATH OF THE "BOWERY SANTA CLAUS" AND THE TERRIBLE DEATH METED OUT BY DERELICTS WHO LOVED HIM, TO THE BUM WHO HAD KILLED HIM! IT MADE A DRAMATIC HUMAN INTEREST STORY! BUT IT WAS NOT UNTIL 1932, WHEN WHITEY RICHTER WAS CAUGHT, THAT THE TRUE FACTS BEHIND THESE TWO KILLINGS BECAME KNOWN... THE FACTS AS YOU HAVE READ THEM HERE!



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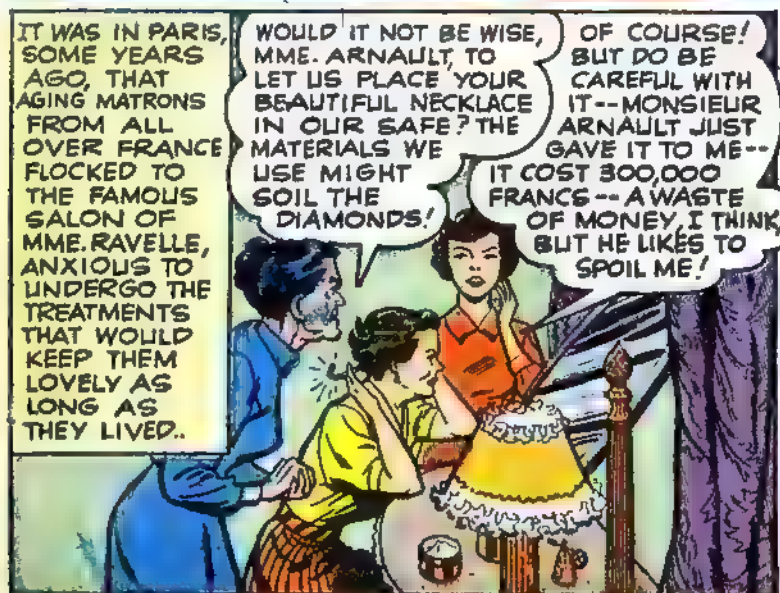
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THE UGLY WOMAN



PLEASE, MADAME, DON'T ASK ME TO DO THIS AGAIN! I'VE TAKEN THIS NECKLACE TO MONSIEUR CARON THE LAST THREE TIMES MME. ARNAULT CAME IN!

FINGERS? GO, LOUISE -- AND HURRY!

QUIET, YOU FOOL! DO AS I SAY, OR YOU KNOW WHAT WILL HAPPEN TO YOU! DO YOU THINK I'D LET 300,000 FRANCS SLIP THRU MY

JUST A FEW BLOCKS AWAY WAS THE JEWELRY STORE OF MONSIEUR CARON, MME. RAVELLE'S ACCOMPLICE AND A MARVEL AT CREATING DUPLICATES OF GEMS!

I TELL YOU MONSIEUR, THE POLICE WILL CATCH US SOME DAY! I CAN'T STAND THIS MUCH LONGER!

DON'T BE SILLY, YOUNG LADY! MME. RAVELLE PAYS YOU WELL! TRY TO CROSS HER, AND THEY'LL FIND YOUR BODY IN THE SEINE! AH, BUT SHE IS A CLEVER WOMAN! IT WAS HER IDEA TO HAVE ME TAKE PHOTOS OF THE ORIGINAL TO WORK FROM!

BUT SUPPOSE MME. ARNAULT, OR ONE OF THE OTHER LADIES SHOULD LEARN THEIR GEMS HAVE BEEN STOLEN?

THERE'S NOT A CHANCE OF SUSPICION! MY COPIES WOULD ALMOST FOOL PROFESSIONAL JEWELERS! THEY EVEN WEIGH THE SAME! HERE, TAKE THIS IMITATION BACK TO THE SALON! THE ORIGINAL WILL REMAIN HERE WITH ME!

MEANWHILE...

YOU SAY YOU AREN'T COMING HERE ANYMORE? WHY? IT WOULD BE A SHAME TO STOP THE TREATMENTS WHEN YOU ARE IMPROVING SO RAPIDLY!

OH, DEAR, I DO WISH I COULD KEEP THEM UP, BUT MONSIEUR ARNAULT SAYS I'M ALREADY BEAUTIFUL ENOUGH TO SUIT HIM! BESIDES, HE SAYS THE COST IS TOO GREAT--FOR ALL THAT HE GAVE ME SO EXPENSIVE A NECKLACE!

MY DEAR LADY-- YOU *THINK* YOU WON'T COME BACK! I'LL SEE TO IT YOU CHANGE YOUR SILLY MIND ABOUT THAT! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GIVE UP A 2,000 FRANC A VISIT CUSTOMER! ESPECIALLY ONE WITH SUCH JEWELRY!

I TRIED TO REASON WITH GASTON, BUT HE INSISTED I WAS SPENDING ENTIRELY TOO MUCH TIME HERE! OH, I WILL MISS THESE RELAXING HOURS WITH YOU!

AH, LOUISE! YOU'VE TENDED TO EVERYTHING?

YES, MADAME, I -- OH! MME. ARNAULT!

AIE! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME! I LOOK HORRIBLE! WHAT HAS HAPPENED?

OH, MME. RAVELLE, YOU MUST HAVE MIXED UP THE -- OWWW!

QUIET, YOU LITTLE IDIOT!

IT IS JUST ONE OF THOSE UNFORTUNATE THINGS, MADAME! YOU WERE UPSET-- HOW OFTEN HAVE I SAID IT IS AS IMPORTANT TO *THINK* BEAUTY AS TO GET THE TREATMENTS? BUT DO NOT WORRY-- YOU COME HERE TWICE A WEEK FOR THE NEXT SIX MONTHS AND YOU'LL BE AS LOVELY AS EVER!

OH, PLEASE, PLEASE, YOU WILL CONTINUE THE TREATMENTS? I WOULDN'T CARE TO LIVE LOOKING LIKE THIS! I DON'T CARE *WHAT* GASTON SAYS, I'LL COME HERE AS LONG AS NECESSARY!

YOU TERRIBLE WOMAN, WHAT DID YOU DO TO HER, AND WHY? DON'T YOU TALK TO ME IN THAT TONE, YOUNG LADY! I PUT A MILD SOLUTION OF ACID ON HER FACE, IF YOU *MUST* KNOW! BUT AS I TOLD HER, SHE WILL BE ALL RIGHT IN SIX MONTHS! THE EFFECTS OF THE ACID WILL GRADUALLY WEAR OFF!

IT WAS CRUEL! I JUST CAN'T STAND IT ANY MORE! I CAN'T STAY HERE! OH, DON'T! YOU'LL STAY, MY DEAR, OR ELSE! MME. ARNAULT WASN'T COMING BACK SO I HAD TO MAKE SURE SHE WOULD! NOW FORGET ABOUT LEAVING! TRY IT AND I'LL GET YOU NO MATTER WHERE YOU GO!



BUT MME. RAVELLE COULD GET AWAY WITH HER EVIL WAYS JUST SO LONG! THE VERY NEXT DAY THE FORMIDABLE MONSIEUR ARNAULT SHOWED UP WITH HIS WIFE AND A GENDARME!

ALORS, MADAME FAKER! PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO MY WIFE! YOUR QUACKERY HAS RUINED HER BEAUTIFUL FACE!

MONSIEUR! HOW DARE YOU SAY SUCH THINGS ABOUT ME! MME. ARNAULT AND I HAVE A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING--SOME-THING WHICH IS NO CONCERN OF A MAN--EVEN A HUSBAND! I HAVE PROMISED TO MAKE HER PERFECT IN SIX MONTHS! AND NOW, PLEASE LEAVE!

NOT SO FAST! MY WIFE CAME IN WITH A DIAMOND NECKLACE AND CAME OUT WITH AN IMITATION! YOU SEE I WAS ONCE IN THE JEWELRY BUSINESS!

W-- WAIT HERE! THERE HAS BEEN A TERRIBLE MISTAKE! I ADMIRER THE REAL NECKLACE SO MUCH I TOOK THE LIBERTY OF HAVING A DUPLICATE MADE! I MUST HAVE GOTTEN THEM MIXED UP! I SHALL GET THE ORIGINAL AT ONCE!



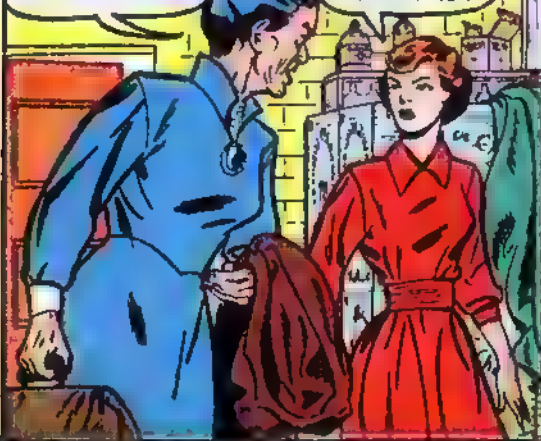
I'M GOING OUT THE BACK WAY, LOUISE! THERE ARE SOME PEOPLE UP FRONT! KEEP THEM BUSY AS LONG AS YOU CAN, UNDERSTAND?

Y-- YES, MADAME!

FIVE MINUTES LATER...

BUT I ONLY DID AS I WAS TOLD, MONSIEUR! MME. RAVELLE WENT OUT THE BACK WAY AND SAID I SHOULD KEEP YOU BUSY!

SHE SKIPPED WITH THE NECKLACE! I DEMAND THAT YOU ARREST THIS WOMAN AS HER ACCOMPLICE!



BOOKED ON A CHARGE OF BEING AN ACCESSORY TO GRAND LARCENY, LOUISE DEVEREAU PLEADED WITH POLICE CAPTAIN AUGUST BENOIT...

I WAS TERRIBLY AFRAID OF MME. RAVELLE! SHE'S A WICKED WOMAN--AND HER EYES...AWFUL! I SHALL NEVER FORGET THEM! MANY TIMES MADAME THREATENED TO KILL ME! SHE SAID SHE WOULD HUNT ME DOWN EVEN IF I RAN AWAY!

SACRE NOM! WHAT A WOMAN SHE MUST BE! BUT TELL ME, WHO MADE UP THE PASTE JEWELS FOR HER?



MONSIEUR LE CAPITAINE, IT WAS FRANCOIS CARON, A JEWELER! I MYSELF, SIR, RECEIVED ONLY MY SALARY AS A BEAUTICIAN! I SWEAR TO IT!

YOU WERE WRONG NOT TO COME TO US-- STILL I BELIEVE YOU! I ASK ONLY THAT YOU REMAIN IN PARIS, READY TO TESTIFY AGAINST THESE TWO --WHEN AND IF WE SHOULD CATCH THEM!



AN HOUR LATER, DETECTIVE JEAN NOIR HAD COMPLETED A SEARCH OF CARON'S SHOP, AND FOUND INCRIMINATING PHOTOS OF THE JEWELS CARON HAD DUPLICATED!

I NO LONGER HAVE THE NECKLACE! MME. RAVELLE, THAT SHE-DEVIL, STOPPED HERE TO PICK IT UP LAST NIGHT, AND THIS MORNING RAN OUT WITHOUT EVEN WARNING ME! MON DIEU, I HOPE YOU CATCH HER!

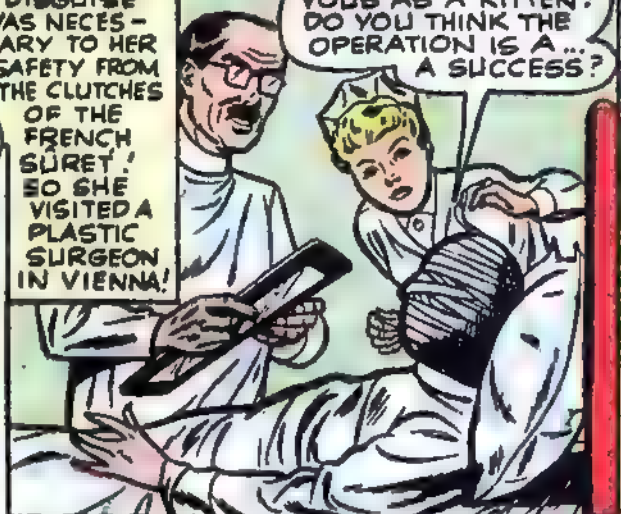
WE WILL, SOONER OR LATER! AND NOW I ARREST YOU FOR YOUR PART IN THESE THEFTS!



MME. RAVELLE HAD QUICKLY LEFT FRANCE! COMPLETE DISGUISE WAS NECESSARY TO HER SAFETY FROM THE CLUTCHES OF THE FRENCH SURET! SO SHE VISITED A PLASTIC SURGEON IN VIENNA!

AND NOW, FRÄULEIN, COMES THE GREAT MOMENT... THE UNVEILING!

I AM AS NERVOUS AS A KITTEN! DO YOU THINK THE OPERATION IS A... A SUCCESS?



CE N'EST PAS POSSIBLE! BUT I LOOK AS I DID THIRTY YEARS AGO! OH, MONSIEUR LE DOCTEUR, YOU ARE A MAGICIAN!

IT IS YOU FRENCHWOMEN WHO CAN PERFORM MAGIC, MADAME! A LITTLE DYE ON YOUR HAIR, YOUTHFUL CLOTHES...



THE SEARCH FOR THE VILLAINOUS MME. RAVELLE WENT ON IN VAIN-- BUT THE PARIS POLICE WOULD NEVER GIVE UP TILL SHE WAS FOUND!

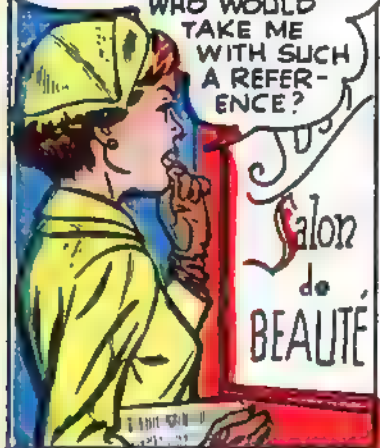
IT'S MY OPINION THE WOMAN HAS LEFT FRANCE! I'VE TRIED EVERY SALON DE BEAUTE IN THE CITY WITH NO LUCK!

AND SINCE THE FIRST CRIME WAS DISCOVERED MANY SIMILAR COMPLAINTS HAVE COME IN! IF WE DON'T SUCCEED OUR JOBS WILL BE LOST!



ABOUT A MONTH LATER A NEW BEAUTY SALON OPENED IN PARIS! LOUISE DEVEREAU, BADLY IN NEED OF A JOB, ANSWERED AN AD FOR A BEAUTICIAN IN THE SHOP!

IT'S A BEAUTIFUL PLACE, BUT I DARE NOT OFFER MME. RAVELLE'S NAME AS MY LAST EMPLOYER! WHO WOULD TAKE ME WITH SUCH A REFERENCE?



SO, LOUISE DEVEREAU HAS STEPPED INTO MY TRAP! SHE IS COMPLETELY DECEIVED BY MY "NEW FACE!"

AND WILL THE SALARY BE SATISFACTORY, MADAME?

IT MUST BE MME. RAVELLE!

PERFECTLY, MME. SUZANNE! I SHALL BE HERE TOMORROW MORNING AT 9 O'CLOCK!



BUT A HALF HOUR LATER...

MADemoiselle DEVEREAU! DID YOU FORGET SOMETHING? WHO IS THIS MAN?

THE YOUNG LADY FORGOT **NOTHING!** --MME. RAVELLE! WHAT A PITY THAT THE SKILLED HANDS THAT IMPROVED YOUR FEATURES COULD NOT ALTER YOUR EVIL EYES!



THIS IS PREPOSTEROUS! I'M MME. SUZANNE! I'VE NEVER HEARD OF MME. RAVELLE! THIS GIRL MUST BE INSANE!



PERHAPS YOU ARE RIGHT MADAME, IN WHICH CASE YOU WILL FIND IT BUT A FEW MOMENTS INTERRUPTION TO STEP DOWN TO HEADQUARTERS WHERE WE CAN MAKE CERTAIN YOUR FINGERPRINTS ARE NOT THOSE OF THE PERSON WE SEEK!



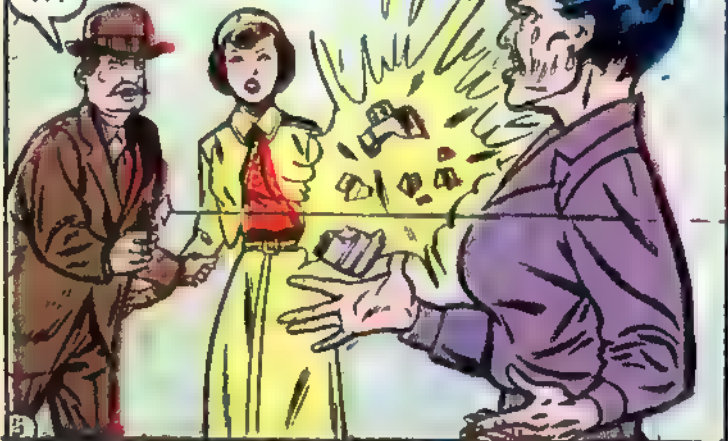
ALL RIGHT I **AM** MME. RAVELLE AND YOU CAN SEND ME TO PRISON, BUT NOT 'TIL I LEAVE A REMINDER WITH THIS TREACHEROUS SNEAK OF A GIRL!



OH! NO! NOT THAT! STOP HER!

DROP IT! I WARN YOU DROP IT!

SHE WILL SUFFER MORE THAN I --IN A PRISON OF UGLINESS! AIEEE-- MY FACE!



JUSTICE WAS SWIFT WITH MME RAVELLE! TWO WEEKS LATER...

CAN YOU IMAGINE WOMEN BELIEVING ONE AS UGLY AS THAT COULD MAKE THEM BEAUTIFUL, EH, JEAN?

AND SO, GABI RAVELLE, YOU ARE CONDEMNED TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR LIFE IN PRISON!

WHAT IRONY! SUCH A WITCH, BENOIT!



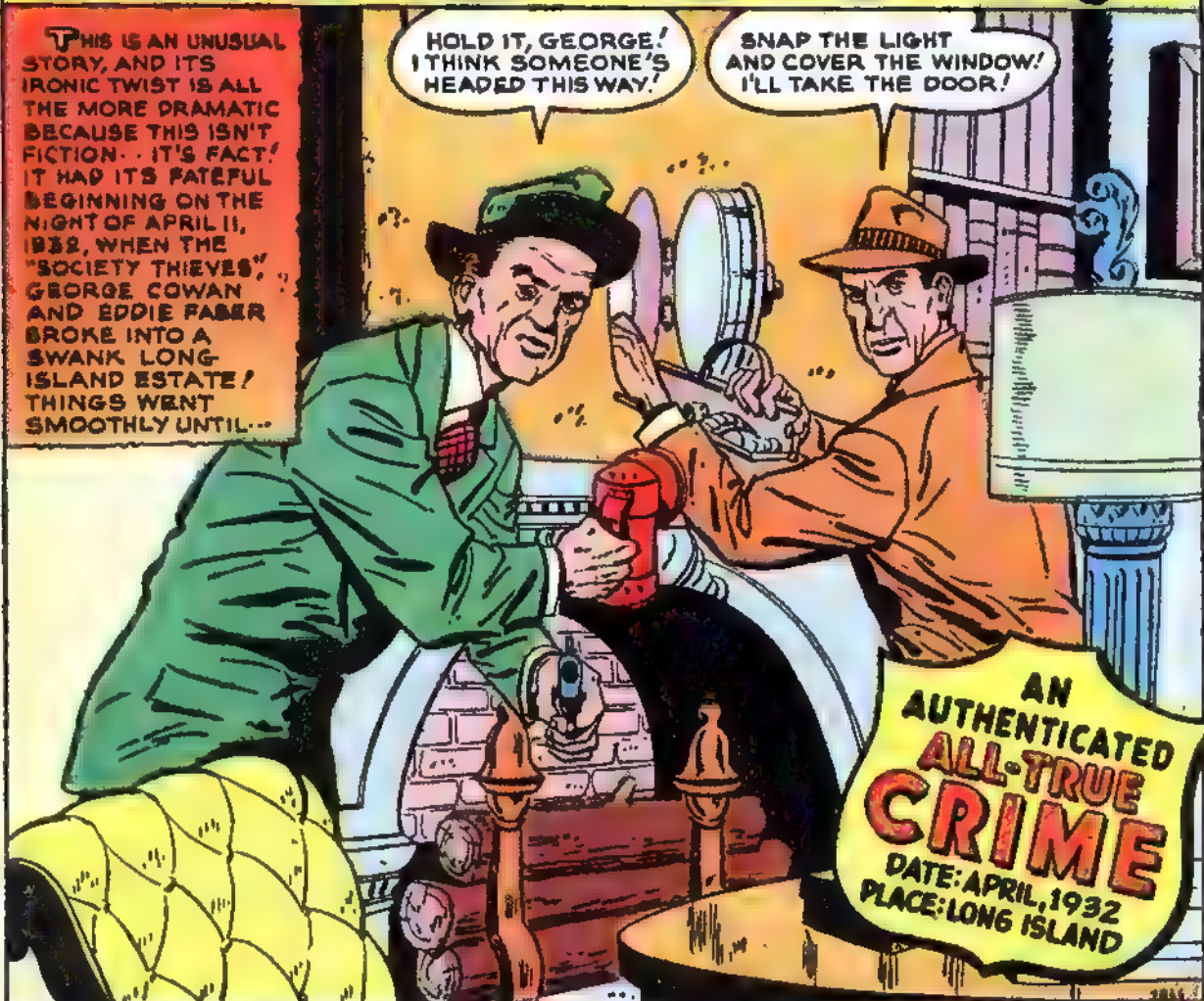
THE END

HIDE-OUT!

THIS IS AN UNUSUAL STORY, AND ITS IRONIC TWIST IS ALL THE MORE DRAMATIC BECAUSE THIS ISN'T FICTION... IT'S FACT! IT HAD ITS FATEFUL BEGINNING ON THE NIGHT OF APRIL 11, 1932, WHEN THE "SOCIETY THIEVES" GEORGE COWAN AND EDDIE FABER BROKE INTO A SWANK LONG-ISLAND ESTATE! THINGS WENT SMOOTHLY UNTIL...

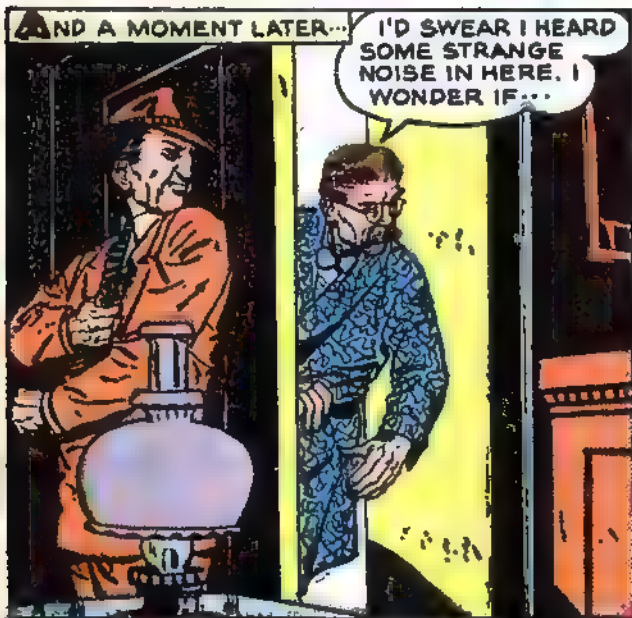
HOLD IT, GEORGE! I THINK SOMEONE'S HEADED THIS WAY!

SNAP THE LIGHT AND COVER THE WINDOW! I'LL TAKE THE DOOR!



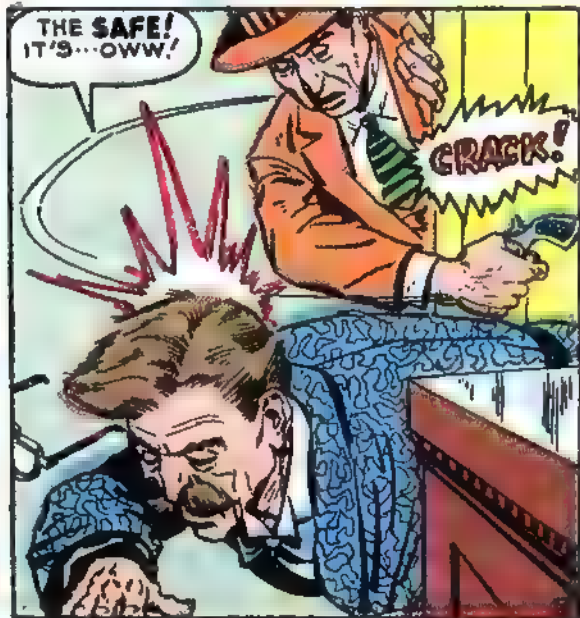
AND A MOMENT LATER...

I'D SWEAR I HEARD SOME STRANGE NOISE IN HERE. I WONDER IF...



THE SAFE! IT'S...OWW!

CRACK!





THAT WAS A REAL TAP! HE'LL KEEP FOR A WHILE!

OKAY, OKAY, STOP ADMIRING HIM! LET'S CLEAR OUT OF HERE, FAST!



MAYBE WE SHOULD'VE FINISHED THAT GUY FER GOOD! I ALWAYS GET A FUNNY FEELING WHEN ANYONE'S LEFT AROUND TO GAB!

FERGET IT! WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR, DIDN'T WE? SIT BACK AND RELAX!

BUT THIS WAS ONE TIME WHEN EDDIE'S HUNCH PROVED TO BE CORRECT! ONLY A FEW MINUTES HAD GONE BY WHEN...

WITHIN SECONDS ALL PATROL CARS IN THE VICINITY WERE ALERTED WITH INSTRUCTIONS TO STOP ALL CARS ON THE MAIN HIGHWAY OUT OF SOUTHAMPTON

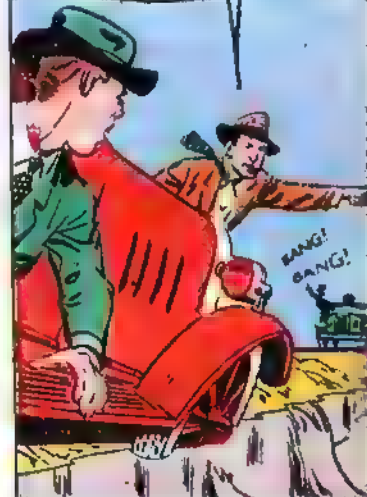
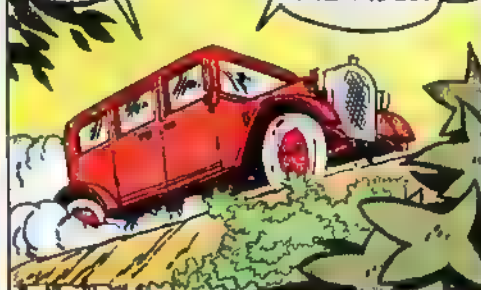
KEEP YER HEAD DOWN AN' MAKE FER THOSE TREES UP AHEAD!



...NO MORE THAN TEN MINUTES AGO... YES, THEY STRUCK ME... ROBBED MY SAFE... HURRY... HURRY!

IT'S A POLICE SIREN! THEY'RE CORNERING US, GEORGE! WHATA WE DO NOW?

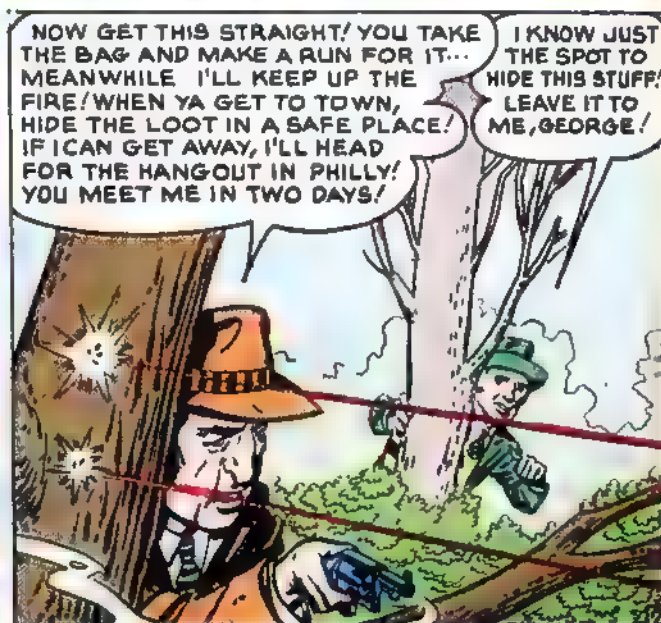
DON'T BLOW OUR TOPS, THAT'S WHAT! I'M GONNA RUN THIS HEAP ONTA THE SHOULDER! WE'LL MAKE A BREAK ACROSS THE FIELD!



BANG! BANG!



THEY'RE CLOSIN' IN FAST, AND THERE MUST BE MORE ON THE WAY! I THINK WE'D STAND A BETTER CHANCE IF WE DO A SPLIT!



NOW GET THIS STRAIGHT! YOU TAKE THE BAG AND MAKE A RUN FOR IT... MEANWHILE I'LL KEEP UP THE FIRE! WHEN YA GET TO TOWN, HIDE THE LOOT IN A SAFE PLACE! IF I CAN GET AWAY, I'LL HEAD FOR THE HANGOUT IN PHILLY! YOU MEET ME IN TWO DAYS!

I KNOW JUST THE SPOT TO HIDE THIS STUFF! LEAVE IT TO ME, GEORGE!

GEORGE COWAN COVERED EDDIE'S GETAWAY AND WHEN HE RAN OUT OF AMMO, A FEW MINUTES LATER, MADE A BREAK OF HIS OWN IN THE OTHER DIRECTION...

THERE GOES ONE OF THEM, NOW!

HE'S GETTING AWAY ACROSS THE FIELD!



THERE WAS NO QUESTION BUT THAT THIS WAS GEORGE'S LUCKY NIGHT! HE NOT ONLY EVADED THE DRAGNET, BUT HE CAUGHT A LIFT HEADED SOUTH AS WELL! THEN, AS THEY REACHED PHILADELPHIA...

I'M GOING RIGHT THROUGH TOWN, I CAN DROP YOU!

THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH, PAL! I GOT A FRIEND IN THESE PARTS! THANKS FOR THE RIDE!



NOW TO HEAD FOR THE HANGOUT, AN' MY PAL EDDIE BETTER BE THERE THE DAY AFTER TOMORROW... OR ELSE!



THE TWO DAYS PASSED, THEN FOUR, AND WHEN EDDIE FAILED TO APPEAR BY THE SIXTH DAY, GEORGE'S PATIENCE WORE THIN!

WHY THAT ROTTEN LITTLE CREEP, DOUBLE-CROSSIN' ME, AND AFTER ALL THE YEARS WE BEEN TOGETHER!



THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF DOUBLE-CROSSER I LIKE... AN' THAT'S A DEAD ONE! OKAY, EDDIE, YOU ASKED FOR IT!



THE FOLLOWING DAY GEORGE WAS BACK IN NEW YORK WITH HATE IN HIS HEART AND AN ITCHY TRIGGER FINGER...

I'M LOOKIN' FER EDDIE FABER, JOE... AN' I WANT A STRAIGHT ANSWER! WHEN DID YOU SEE HIM LAST?

THIS AIN'T NO INFORMATION DESK, ANYWAY, I HAVEN'T SEEN 'IM FER DAYS!



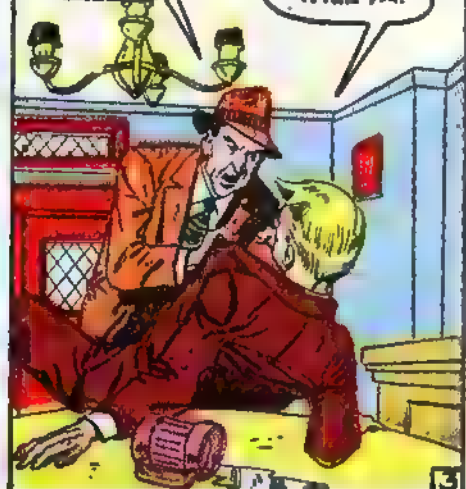
THAT'S BECAUSE HE'S IN A HOSPITAL! HE GOT CREASED BY A TAXI CAB FENDER THE BEGINNING OF THE WEEK.

EDDIE... IN A HOSPITAL?



WHAT HOSPITAL? SPILL IT FAST... WHAT HOSPITAL?

B-BERKLEY HOSPITAL, I... I THINK... TAKE IT EASY... W... WILL YA!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER A NURSE HELP OPEN A HOSPITAL ROOM DOOR AND...

YOU CAN ONLY STAY A FEW MINUTES. THE PATIENT NEEDS ALL...

ONE MINUTE IS ALL I NEED. ALL I'M ASKIN FOR IS JUST **ONE** MINUTE!



AND WHEN THEY WERE ALONE IN THE ROOM.

I GUESS I HAD YA FIGURED WRONG, KID! NOW GIVE OUT WHERE YA HID THE LOOT! I'LL HUSTLE RIGHT OVER...



WHY DON'T YA SPILL? STOP GIVIN' ME THAT **STUPID** LOOK AN START TALKIN'! SAY **SOMETHING**, OR SO HELP ME I'LL...



LET GO OF THAT PATIENT! HE'S A SICK MAN!

BUT I'M AN OLD PAL OF HIS! HE WON'T EVEN TALK TO ME! THERE'S SOMETHING I **GOT** TO KNOW!



HE WOULDN'T KNOW YOU! THAT ACCIDENT **BLANKED** OUT HIS ENTIRE PAST! HE CAN'T RECOGNIZE FACES OR RECALL ANYTHING THAT HAPPENED BEFORE HE WAS HIT!

WHAT! BUT HE'LL GET BETTER... WON'T HE, DOC? HE'LL REMEMBER THINGS AGAIN... **HE'S GOT TO!**



THAT'S HARD TO SAY. IT CAN TAKE A MONTH, A YEAR, FIVE... HE MAY NEVER REMEMBER! HE'LL BE LEAVING NEXT WEEK! IF YOU'RE AN OLD FRIEND, HE'LL NEED YOU MORE THAN EVER NOW!

I'LL STICK BY HIM, DOC! CLOSER THAN A SHADOW!



THE YEARS HAVE ROLLED BY, AND GEORGE HAS STUCK CLOSE... NEVER LETTING EDDIE OUT OF HIS SIGHT! PENNILESS, AFRAID TO GIVE UP, THE QUESTIONING GOES ON...

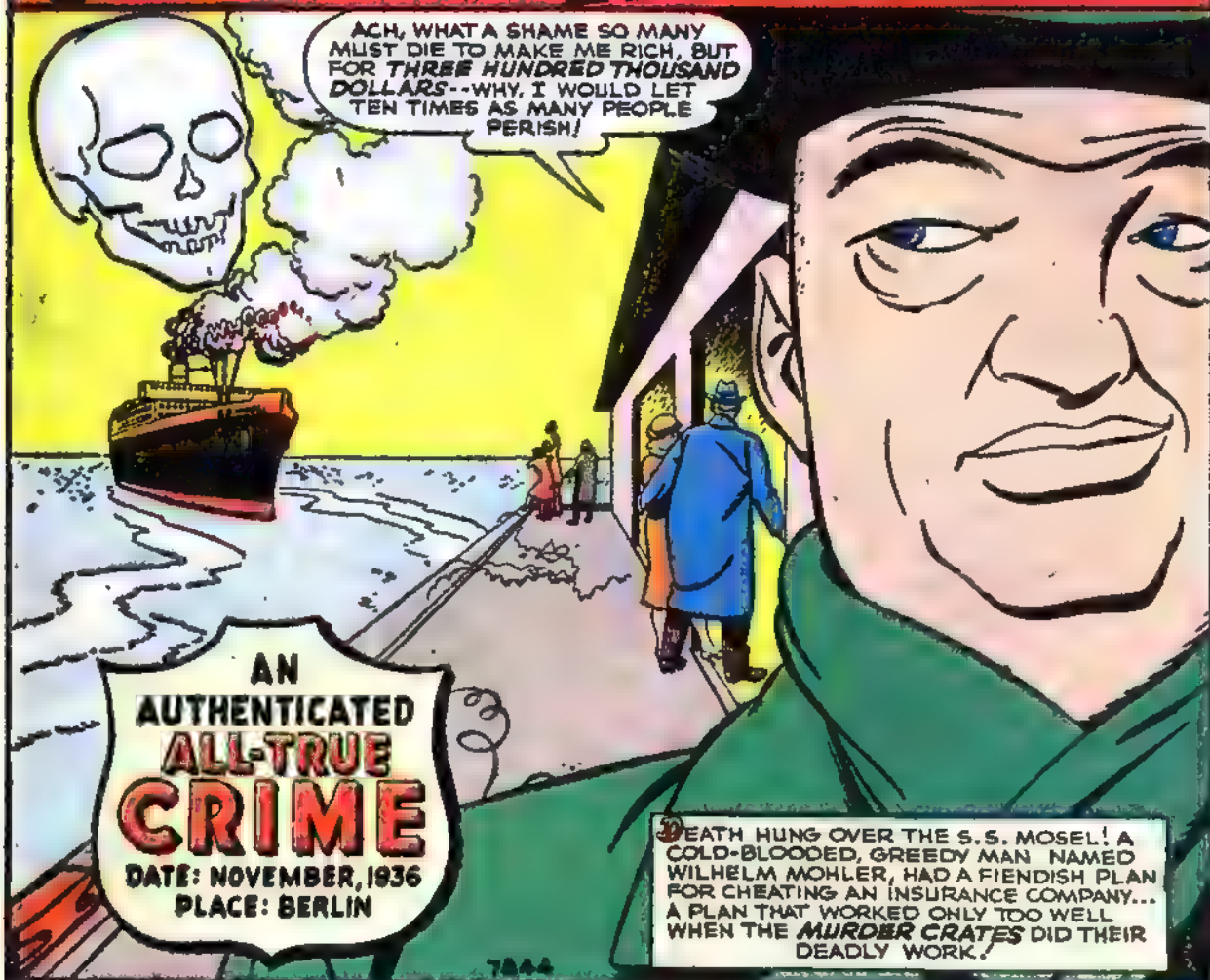
THINK, EDDIE, **THINK!** WHERE DID YA HIDE IT? IT'S A QUARTER OF A MILLION... MAYBE MORE! WE CAN BE **RICH!** THINK, WILL YA... **THINK!**

THAT'S WHAT I'M TRYIN' TO DO, BUT I NEED MORE TIME... A LOT MORE TIME!



THE END

THE CRATES OF MURDER



DEATH HUNG OVER THE S.S. MOSEL! A COLD-BLOODED, GREEDY MAN NAMED WILHELM MOHLER, HAD A FIENDISH PLAN FOR CHEATING AN INSURANCE COMPANY... A PLAN THAT WORKED ONLY TOO WELL WHEN THE **MURDER CRATES** DID THEIR DEADLY WORK!

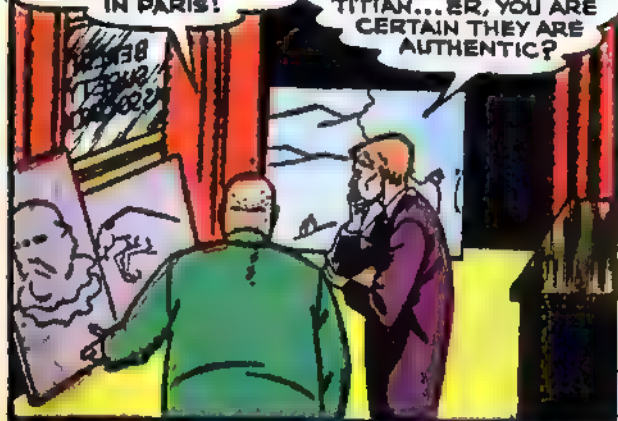
ON NOVEMBER 12, 1936, A MAN NAMED WILHELM MOHLER, OF BERLIN, VISITED THE OFFICES OF INSURANCE EXECUTIVE, HEINRICH WOLFF...

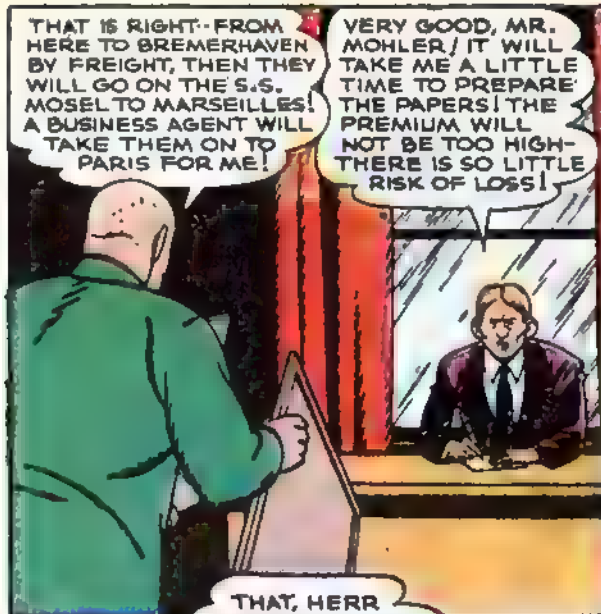
THESE PAINTINGS COST ME \$350,000, HERR WOLFF! OF COURSE, I AM JUST A DEALER, HOPING TO SELL THEM IN PARIS!

ACH! I KNOW YOU WILL HATE TO PART WITH THEM, HERR MOHLER! THEY ARE SO BEAUTIFUL! VERMEER, REMBRANDT, TITIAN... ER, YOU ARE CERTAIN THEY ARE AUTHENTIC?

BUT OF COURSE! I HAVE ALL THE NECESSARY DOCUMENTS TO PROVE THEIR ORIGINS! YOU WILL INSURE THEM FOR ME?

FOR \$300,000? YES, THAT IS WHAT WE'RE IN BUSINESS FOR! AS I UNDERSTAND, YOU ARE GOING TO SEND THE PAINTINGS BY BOAT TO MARSEILLES, AND FROM THERE BY RAIL TO PARIS?





THAT IS RIGHT--FROM HERE TO BREMERHAVEN BY FREIGHT, THEN THEY WILL GO ON THE S.S. MOSEL TO MARSEILLES! A BUSINESS AGENT WILL TAKE THEM ON TO PARIS FOR ME!

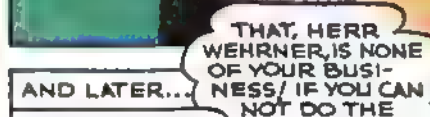
VERY GOOD, MR. MOHLER! IT WILL TAKE ME A LITTLE TIME TO PREPARE THE PAPERS! THE PREMIUM WILL NOT BE TOO HIGH--THERE IS SO LITTLE RISK OF LOSS!



RISK OF LOSS! THERE WOULD BE NONE ACTUALLY! MOHLER'S FIENDISH PLOT WAS CAREFULLY THOUGHT OUT! HE STORED HIS PAINTINGS IN A WAREHOUSE, USING THE ALIAS OF KARL SCHMIDT....

--HERE YOU ARE, HERR SCHMIDT! A RECEIPT FOR THREE MONTHS STORAGE, PAYMENT IN ADVANCE!

AND HERE IS YOUR MONEY, SIR!



AND LATER...

YES, YES, OF COURSE I CAN MAKE UP SUCH A MECHANISM FOR YOU! IT WILL TAKE ABOUT A WEEK! BUT, TELL ME, SIR--WHAT IS IT FOR?

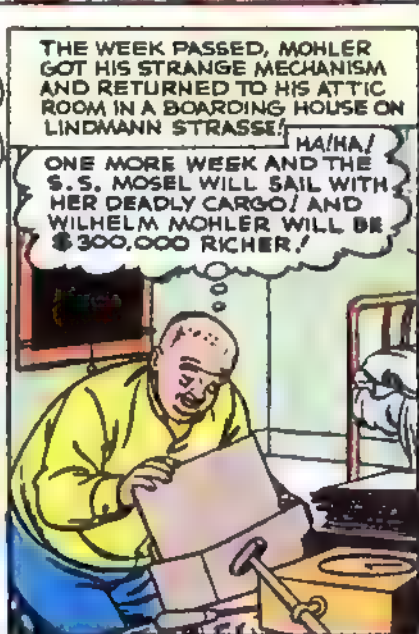
THAT, HERR WEHRNER, IS NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS! IF YOU CAN NOT DO THE

JOB WITHOUT THAT INFORMATION, I SHALL GO ELSEWHERE!



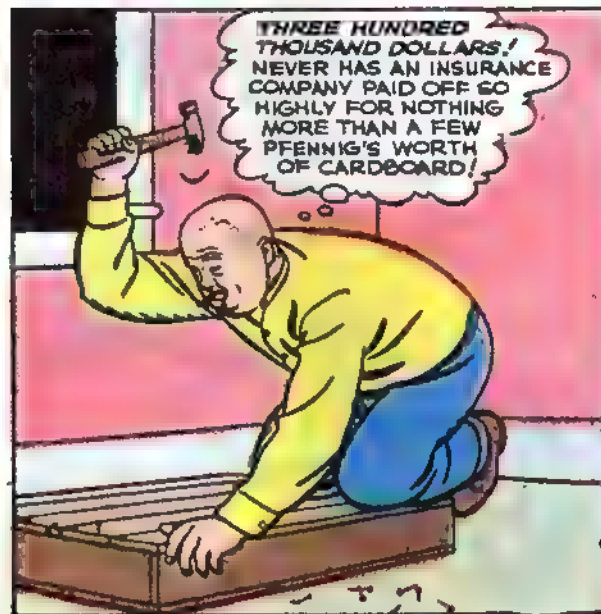
OH, I DID NOT MEAN TO PRY, SIR! I AM SORRY! THERE IS NO BETTER CLOCKMAKER IN BERLIN! I HAVE MANY FAMOUS CUSTOMERS!

VERY WELL, HERR WEHRNER. I SHALL BE BACK IN A WEEK! PLEASE DON'T DISAPPOINT ME!

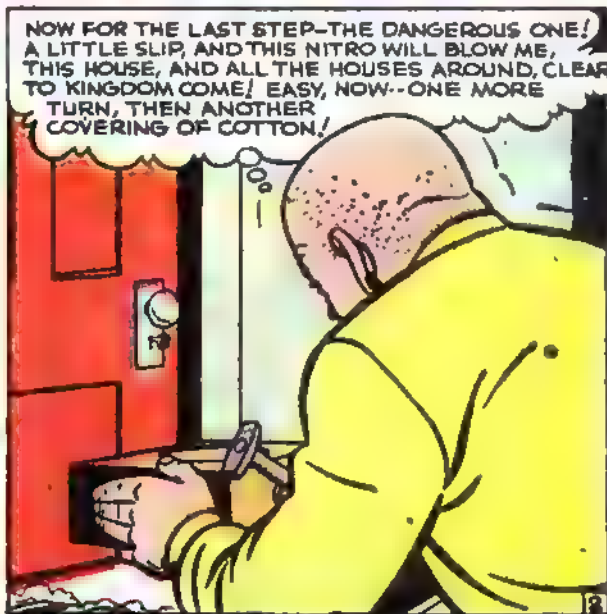


THE WEEK PASSED, MOHLER GOT HIS STRANGE MECHANISM AND RETURNED TO HIS ATTIC ROOM IN A BOARDING HOUSE ON LINDMANN STRASSE!

HA/HA! ONE MORE WEEK AND THE S.S. MOSEL WILL SAIL WITH HER DEADLY CARGO! AND WILHELM MOHLER WILL BE \$300,000 RICHER!



THREE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS! NEVER HAS AN INSURANCE COMPANY PAID OFF SO HIGHLY FOR NOTHING MORE THAN A FEW PFENNIG'S WORTH OF CARDBOARD!

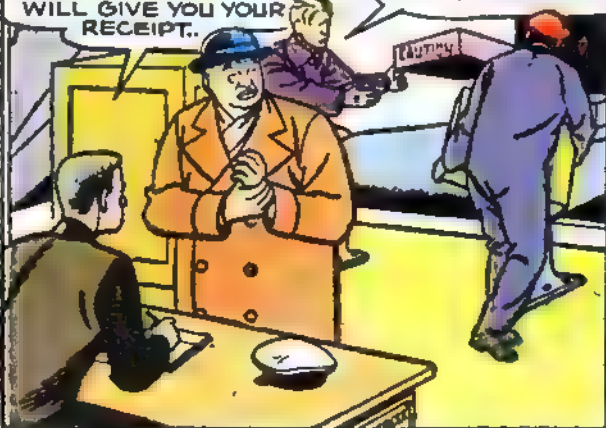


NOW FOR THE LAST STEP--THE DANGEROUS ONE! A LITTLE SLIP, AND THIS NITRO WILL BLOW ME, THIS HOUSE, AND ALL THE HOUSES AROUND. CLEAR TO KINGDOM COME! EASY, NOW--ONE MORE TURN, THEN ANOTHER COVERING OF COTTON!

THE FATEFUL DAY ARRIVED, AND WILHELM MOHLER ACCOMPANIED HIS "PAINTINGS" TO BREMERHAVEN, THOUGH HE SAT FAR BACK OF THE FREIGHT CAR BEARING THE NITRO-LADEN CRATE!

MOHLER, EVERYTHING SEEMS IN ORDER! 14 PAINTINGS, INSURED BY BERLIN SURETY! I WILL GIVE YOU YOUR RECEIPT.

ACH--THOSE FOOLS! LOOK HOW CARELESSLY THEY HANDLE MY... MY PAINTINGS!



HERE! STOP TOSSING MY CRATES AROUND AS THOUGH THEY WERE BALES OF HAY! DO YOU WANT TO ...TO DAMAGE THOSE VALUABLE PAINTINGS?

HERE, FRITZ--BE VERY GENTLE WITH THE MAN'S PAINTINGS. THEY'RE VERY DELICATE!

JAWOHL, MY DEAR ERNEST! HA/HA!



THE IDIOTS! FORTUNATELY, THEY DIDN'T TOSS THE NITRO CRATE, OR --GOODBYE! OH--DID I REMEMBER TO SET THE TIME ON THE MECHANISM? AH, YES--I REMEMBER NOW!

YOUR RECEIPT, HERR MOHLER!



LATER THAT DAY, TRAGIC NEWS FLASHED AROUND THE WORLD...



--YES, HERR MOHLER, I HEARD THE NEWS BEFORE, OVER THE RADIO! TERRIBLE! ALL THOSE INNOCENT PEOPLE--DEAD!

JAH/JAH! HORRIBLE! BUT MY PAINTINGS WERE ON THE MOSEL! WHAT ABOUT MY \$300,000? HERE IS MY RECEIPT FROM THE MOSEL!



YOU WILL GET YOUR MONEY IN DUE COURSE, MR. MOHLER--BUT HAVE YOU NO FEELING FOR THE POOR SOULS WHO WENT TO THEIR DOOM?

AH, YES, BUT THEY ARE GONE! TOO BAD! AND I AM STILL ALIVE, AND \$300,000 IS A LOT OF MONEY!



EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK, WILHELM MOHLER CAME TO THE INSURANCE OFFICE FOR HIS MONEY, AND THEN THEY PAID HIM! BUT, AS TIME PASSED...

--BUT WHY, HERR WOLFF, IF YOU WERE SUSPICIOUS OF MOHLER DID YOU TAKE NEARLY THREE WEEKS TO NOTIFY THE POLICE?

CERTAINLY IF I HAD BEEN SUSPICIOUS OF THE MAN AT THAT TIME, MY COMPANY WOULDN'T HAVE PAID HIM \$300,000!



HHMM! NOW IF THIS MOHLER WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR THAT EXPLOSION, HE WOULD HAVE TO HAVE A TIMING DEVICE OF SOME KIND! I'LL CHECK WITH EVERY MECHANIC, EVERY CLOCKMAKER IN BERLIN!

ONE MORE THING, HERR INSPECTOR VON HAUCK: MOHLER ONCE MENTIONED SOMETHING ABOUT PARIS. HE MAY HAVE GONE THERE IF HE ISN'T AT THE ADDRESS I GAVE YOU.



MOST OF THE CITY'S POLICE FORCE COMBED BERLIN FOR THREE DAYS BEFORE FINDING THE RIGHT CLOCKMAKER...

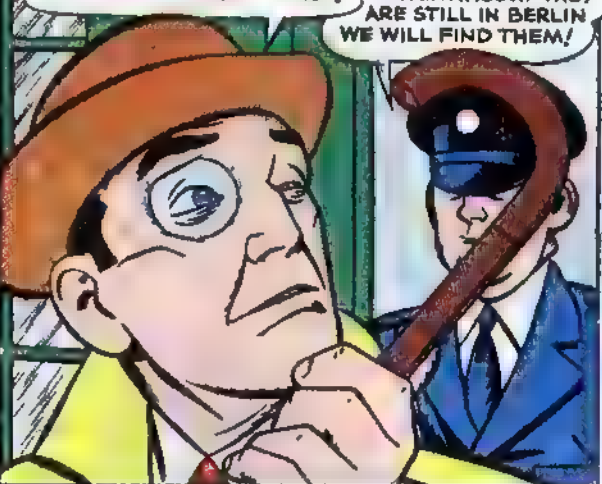
--HE WAS VERY ANGRY WHEN I ASKED HIM WHAT IT WAS FOR: SUCH A FINE MECHANISM- I JUST COPIED HIS PLANS AND MADE ONE FOR MYSELF!

SO! THIS IS VERY LIKELY A TWIN OF THE TIMECLOCK THAT HELPED DESTROY THE MOSEL! HERR WEHRNER, I WANT A COMPLETE DESCRIPTION OF THE MAN THAT ORDERED THIS CLOCKWORK...



EVERYTHING POINTS TO MOHLER'S GUILT--THE WRAPPINGS WE FOUND THERE WERE IDENTIFIED BY THE COMPANY THAT MANUFACTURED THE NITRO! HIS MOTIVE...? CAPTAIN, I'M GOING TO FLY TO PARIS!

VERY GOOD, SIR! AND I SHALL HAVE MY MEN CONTINUE TO HUNT FOR MOHLER'S PAINTINGS! IF THEY ARE STILL IN BERLIN WE WILL FIND THEM!



THE FOLLOWING DAY, INSPECTOR GUSTAV VON HAUCK MET AT SURETE HEADQUARTERS, IN PARIS, WITH INSPECTOR JEAN DU CLOSSE.

--HOW FANTASTIC, VON HAUCK! YET, I HAVE MET WITH SUCH THINGS BEFORE! BUT WE MUST FIND THIS DEVIL, MOHLER!

THEN, DU CLOSSE, I SUGGEST WE START CHECKING ART GALLERIES! HE WILL TRY THE SAME THING AGAIN!



AFTER A FEW DAYS SEARCH OF PARIS ART GALLERIES--

ONLY \$50,000 WORTH OF PAINTINGS HERE, BUT I'M SURE HE WILL SPEND THE ENTIRE \$300,000! THEN HE WILL INSURE THEM-- AND ANOTHER SHIP WILL BLOW UP!

YOU SAY THE MAN TOOK THE PAINTINGS WITH HIM?

WHY, YES, INSPECTOR! HE PAID CASH FOR THEM!



SO, MOHLER LEFT NO ADDRESS! IT WILL TAKE TIME, BUT A CHECK WITH THE INSURANCE COMPANIES IN PARIS WILL TAKE CARE OF THAT!

I ONLY PRAY THAT WE FIND HIM IN TIME!



INDEED, INSURANCE HAD BEEN ISSUED TO A MAN ANSWERING MOHLER'S DESCRIPTION BUT HE HAD MOVED FROM PARIS... AND THE TRAIL LED TO MARSEILLES EARLY ONE MORNING...

WE ARRIVE MOMENTS TOO LATE, VON HAUCK!

NEIN! FOLLOW HIM SLOWLY! IF HE TAKES THE CRATES TO THE DOCK, AS WE EXPECT, WE WILL CATCH HIM RED-HANDED!

DON'T TRY TO GET TOO CLOSE, MY FRIEND! THESE STREETS ARE ICY! I SHOULD NOT CARE TO RAM INTO HIM IF HE STOPPED SUDDENLY!

SAPRISTI! WHY DID HE HAVE TO PICK THE COLDEST DAY IN DECEMBER FOR THIS BUSINESS!



FIVE TIMES I HAVE TURNED CORNERS AND STILL THAT CAR FOLLOWS ME! IT CAN'T BE THE POLICE—HOW WOULD THEY KNOW?

EH, BIEN, MON AMI, --SO YOU SPEED UP, YOU KNOW WE ARE AFTER YOU! JUST DON'T SKID OR WE'RE ALL DONE FOR!

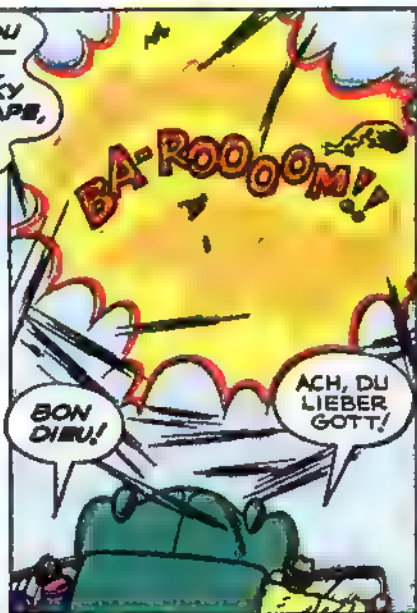
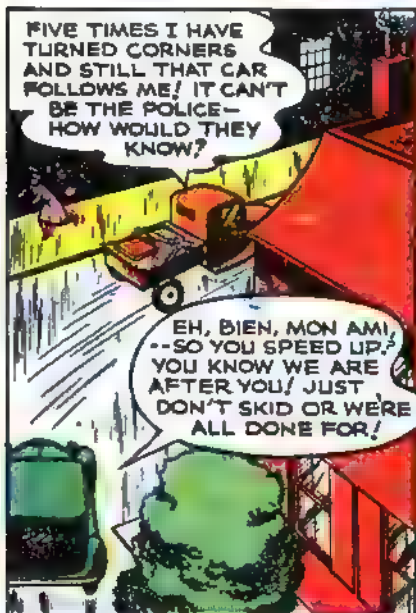
LOOK AT THE FOOL! HE IS SKIDDING ON THE ICE--THERE! HE'S GOING OVER!

STOP, DU CLOSSE--WE WILL BE LUCKY TO ESCAPE, EVEN HERE!

BA-ROOOOM!

BON DIEU!

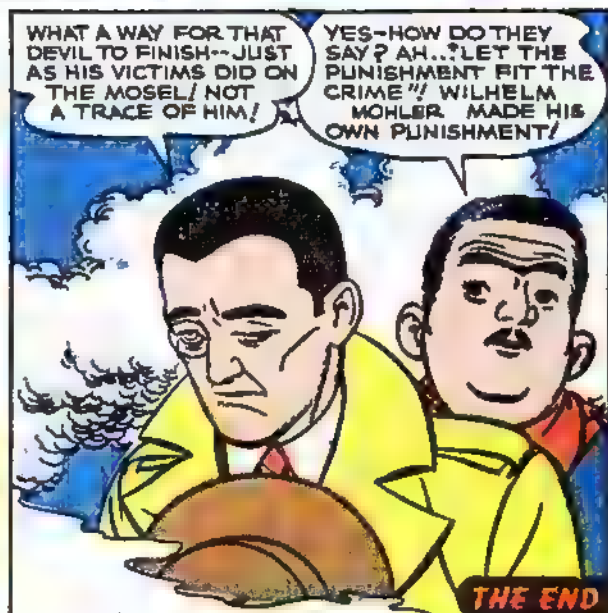
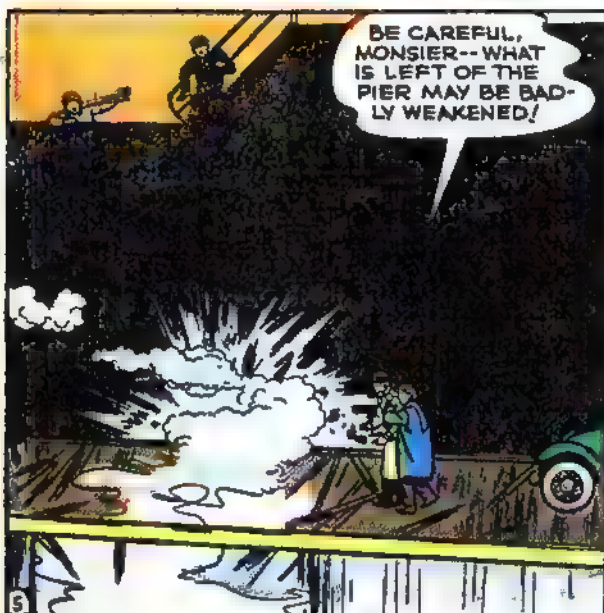
ACH, DU LIEBER GOTT!



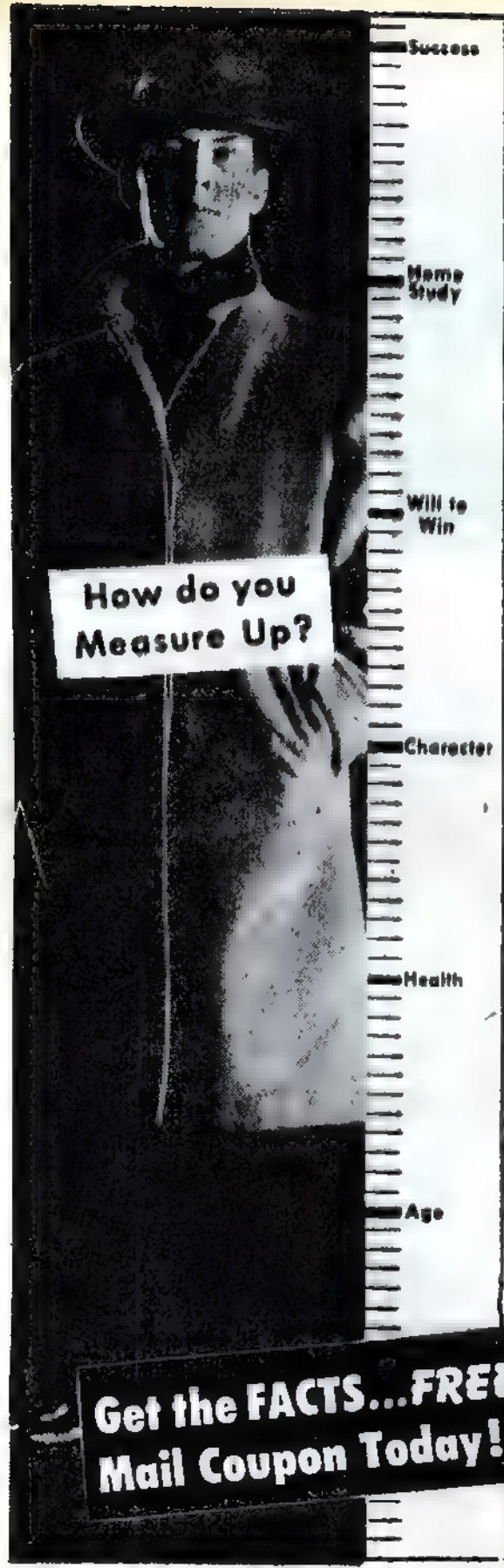
BE CAREFUL, MONSIEUR-- WHAT IS LEFT OF THE PIER MAY BE BADLY WEAKENED!

WHAT A WAY FOR THAT DEVIL TO FINISH--JUST AS HIS VICTIMS DID ON THE MOSEL! NOT A TRACE OF HIM!

YES--HOW DO THEY SAY? AH...LET THE PUNISHMENT FIT THE CRIME! WILHELM MOHLER MADE HIS OWN PUNISHMENT!



THE END



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Measure Up?

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IT TAKES?**

to become a
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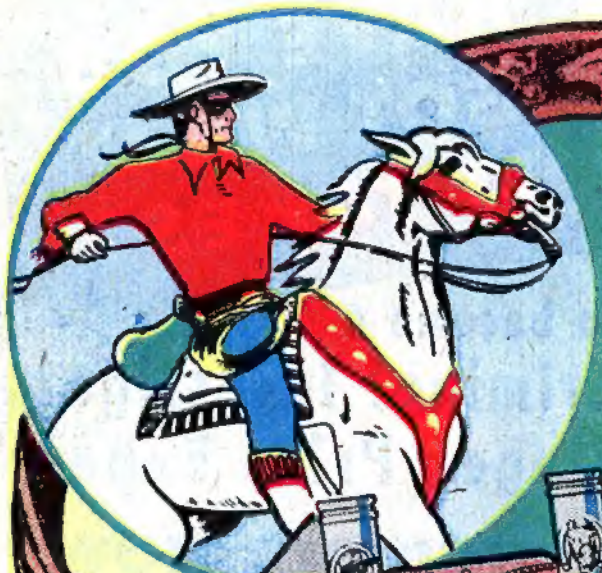
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Gentlemen, Without obligation or expense on my part, send me your qualification questionnaire. I understand that upon receipt of my answers you will immediately advise me if you think they indicate that I have a chance to succeed in criminal investigation or finger print work. Then I will receive FREE the "Blue Book of Crime," and information on your course and the 800 American Identification Bureaus employing your students or graduates.

Name
Address RFD or Zone
City State Age



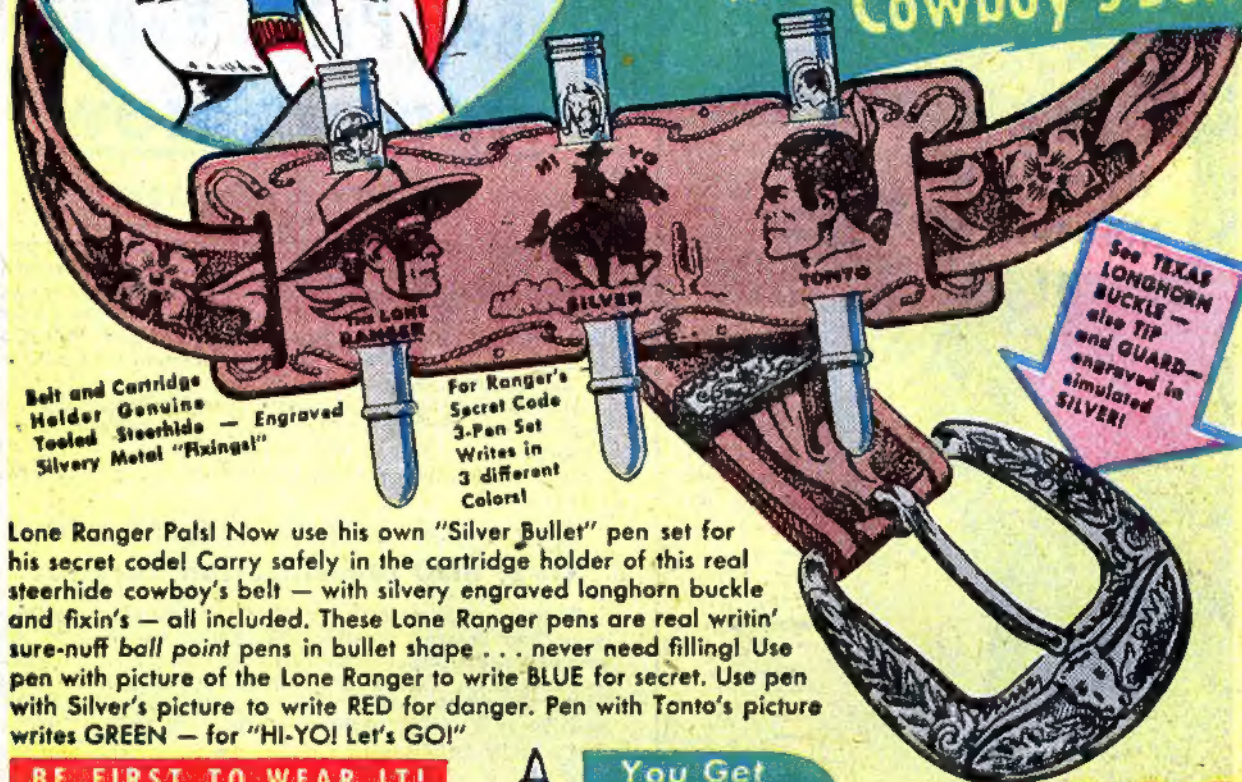
HI-YO! KIDS!

LONE RANGER'S

'Silver Bullet'

BALL POINT Pen Set

With Cowboy's Belt



Belt and Cartridge Holder Genuine Tooled Steerhide — Engraved Silvery Metal "Fixings!"

For Ranger's Secret Code 3-Pen Set Writes in 3 different Colors!

See TEXAS LONGHORN BUCKLE — also TIP and GUARD — engraved in simulated SILVER!

Lone Ranger Pal! Now use his own "Silver Bullet" pen set for his secret code! Carry safely in the cartridge holder of this real steerhide cowboy's belt — with silvery engraved longhorn buckle and fixins — all included. These Lone Ranger pens are real writin' sure-nuff ball point pens in bullet shape . . . never need filling! Use pen with picture of the Lone Ranger to write BLUE for secret. Use pen with Silver's picture to write RED for danger. Pen with Tonto's picture writes GREEN — for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

BE FIRST TO WEAR IT!

Your crowd will envy you as first to have the LONE RANGER'S "Silver Bullet" pen set with cowboy belt. A good looker, too! Belt and cartridge holder are finest steerhide, tooled real Western style with oak-leaf pattern, and holder has engraved pictures of the Ranger, Silver and Tonto. Handsome buckle, tip and guard are engraved in simulated silver. Buckle design is real cowhand style with head and horns of wild Texas longhorn. Yet belt and "Silver Bullet" pen set complete are only \$1.98 — belt sizes are 22 to 32 — and you can try on at no cost! Read this thrilling offer!

YOUR 3 PENS WRITE



RED for danger
BLUE for secret
GREEN for "HI-YO! Let's GO!"

— Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

SEND NO MONEY

— Just mail coupon and on delivery pay postman only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, to save postage, enclose \$2.00 now. Have grand fun with LONE RANGER'S "SILVER BULLET" PEN SET and the COWBOY'S BELT for 10 days. Then, if you want, just return for money back. Don't miss this super thrill. Be a real Ranger pal — and mail coupon today

You Get

- 2 Ball Point Pens in Lone Ranger "Silver Bullet" Set
- 1 Cartridge Holder
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all for \$1.98

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☐ BELT SIZE (Write In)

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- ✓ DETACHABLE CROTCH PIECE FOR MALE SUPPORT



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Test now how you'll feel wearing the COMMANDER this way: clasp hands across the abdomen as shown and press up and in. Feel good? That's how you'll feel when you put on the COMMANDER. No big hands, buckles, straps or laces. Changeable crotch piece.

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Bumps, bulges, big "corporation", dumpy appearance, pot belly, clothes looked awful. Looked ten years older.



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REDUCE KEEP SLIM AT HOME WITH RELAXING, SOOTHING MASSAGE!

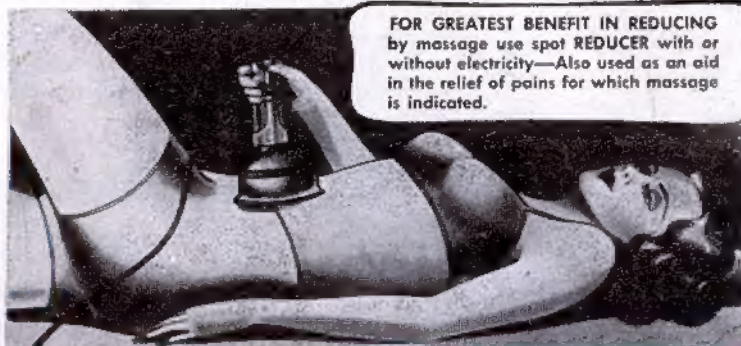
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TAKE
POUNDS
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KEEP SLIM
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PLUG IN
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APPLY



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Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

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SECRETS *of the* PMACK SCANNING EMPIRE REVEALED

CLASS IS IN SESSION, JUST AS IT IS EVERY MORNING IN THIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF METROPOLIS...

BUT THE PARTICULAR CLASS HERE INTERESTED IN ISN'T LIKE EVERY OTHER...

LET'S GET SEATED NOW, CLASS! WE HAVE QUITE A BIT OF WORK TO COVER THIS MORNING--

WELL, CLASS, THE NETWORK 3 CONTROLLER ALLOWS ME TO CONNECT UP TO 16 STUDENT STATIONS--IN THIS CASE, OUR TRS-80 COLOR COMPUTERS--TO MY COLOR COMPUTER, WHICH HAS A "HOST" DISC DRIVE.

ALSO, NETWORK 3 PERMITS EACH STUDENT STATION TO SAVE AND LOAD SCANS DIRECTLY TO AND FROM THE "HOST" INCLUDING ACCESS TO THE HOST SCANNER.

WOULD ANYONE CARE TO GIVE IT A TRY?

ALL RIGHT, LET'S SWITCH ON OUR COMPUTERS AND GET STARTED.

AND SO, FOR THE NEXT HOUR, THERE IS SILENCE IN THE CLASSROOM AS THE SIXTH-GRADERS APPLY THEMSELVES TO THE TASK AT HAND--

--PRODUCING TOP-NOTCH SCANS FROM THE GOLDEN AGE OF COMICS!



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